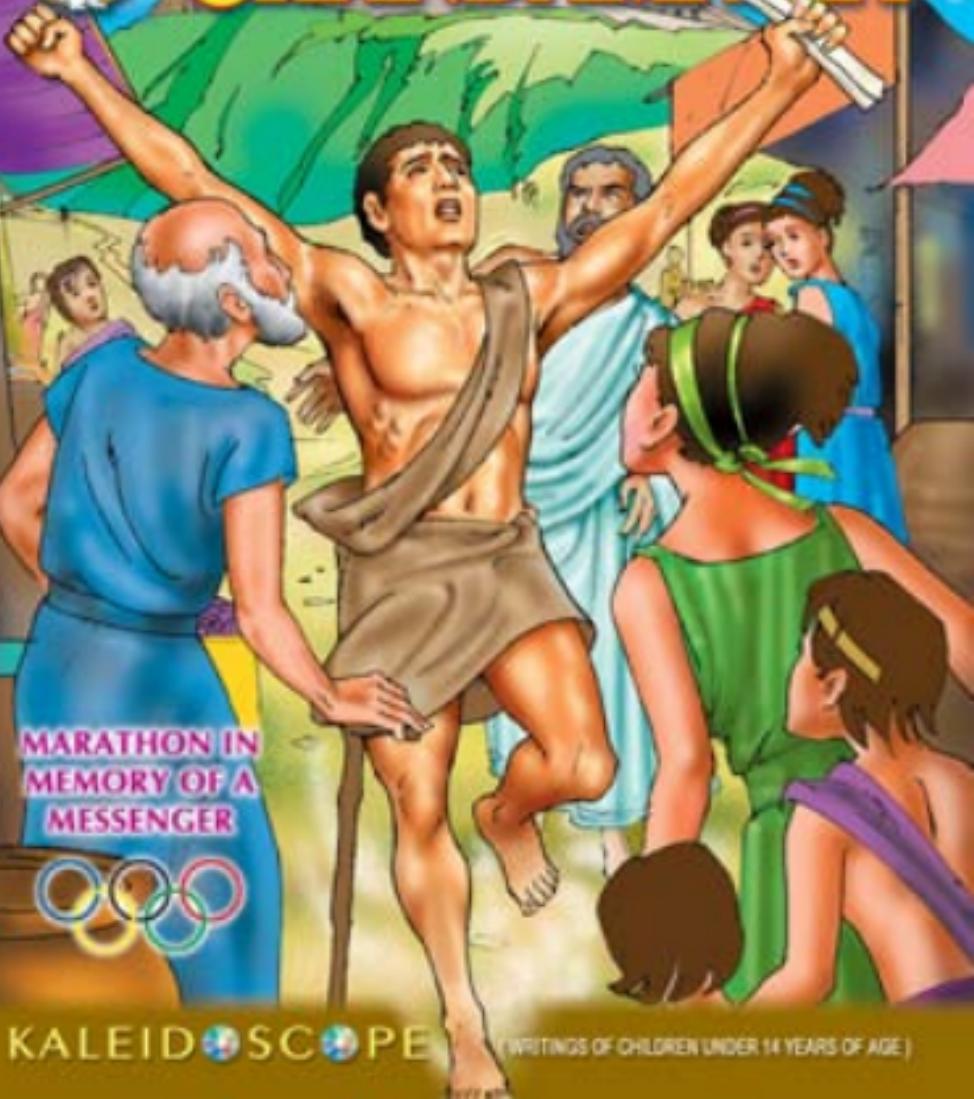


APRIL 2009 VOL 15A

# O CHANDAMA MA



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# He lives within us

A boy was born in Pottipadu, a little-known village in Cuddapah district in Andhra Pradesh some 92 years ago. The village school taught only epics like the *Ramayana*, *Mahabharata*, and the *Bhagavatam*. The teacher told the children how to lead a righteous life. They were advised to get by heart the truths contained in our ancient works.

The boy, Nagi Reddi, later moved to Madras (now Chennai), where he attended a regular school for a few years. Before he could complete his studies, he was called upon to join the family export business.

As a youth, he was drawn to the country's fight for independence. He got involved in the Khadi movement. But his presence was required in Burma (now Myanmar) to look after the business.

However, the business suffered huge losses during the Second World War, and he had to start life afresh. He established a printing press which led to his publishing venture. He launched *Andhra Jyothi*, a socio-political magazine. This venture brought about his close association with

Shri Chakrapani, a writer of repute. Between the two of them they visualised a magazine that would entertain and educate the children of India speaking different language. It was a bold idea.

And *Chandamama* was born a month before India became free.

His next activities were film production and medicare. He established the Vijaya - Vauhini Studios, the largest in Asia, and started two hospitals - Vijaya Hospital and Vijaya Health Centre—in Madras.

Shri Nagi Reddi was noted for his hardwork, simplicity and humility. All through his life, he was influenced by our ancient

scriptures in whatever he did, whatever he spoke.

He was the recipient of several Awards and Honours, from the printing, publishing and film industries, and Honorary Doctorates (D.Litt) from two universities in Andhra Pradesh.

*Chandamama*, which reflects the ideals he followed, will continue to impart to children the best in human values, as its humble tribute to its founder.



Messages of condolences have been received from the President of India, Prime Minister, Union Ministers, Chief Ministers, distinguished personalities of the printing, publishing and film industries, prominent members of the public, print and electronic media, and a host of our readers — young and old — all over the country and abroad. To each one of them, we owe a deep debt of gratitude.

Publisher



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*Founded by*  
B. Nagi Reddi  
Chakrapani  
*Editor*  
Viswam

*Editorial Advisors*  
Ruskin Bond  
Manoj Das  
*Consultant Editor*  
K.Ramakrishnan

# LISTEN TO STORIES THAT STONES TELL



The President of India,  
Dr. Abdul Kalam, envisions  
India to become a powerful nation  
by 2020. By then today's children

would have reached the prime of their youth. He reposes great confidence in the growing generation to take the country to an exalted state. Whenever he gets an opportunity, he exhorts them "to dream" and he has full faith that they would convert their dreams into reality.

It is, therefore, not surprising that he invited a hundred children to take a pledge, "to feel proud in celebrating the success of my country and my people", on the eve of the Republic Day. It will certainly find an echo among the millions and millions of children of India in the next fifteen years.

The President's choice of the word 'celebrate' has great significance. A celebration always follows an achievement. Our country's achievements are there etched in its heritage. It is generally said that the past is the foundation of the future. India abounds in places and monuments that tell the story of the 'wonder that was India'. And one after the other, they are being elevated to the position of heritage sites.

What could be a more useful way to 'celebrate' one's holidays than a visit to these monuments - at least to know about the country's hoary past? Verily, they can be classrooms to acquire a lot of knowledge. Some of them might still be in ruins, but concerted efforts are being taken by state governments and governmental organisations to restore, protect, and preserve them.

Children all over India must have either completed their annual examinations or must be busy writing them in April. The importance with which the official machinery viewed these examinations can be seen in the decision to hold the general elections only after the children are free to enjoy their much-earned vacation.

While visiting these monuments, children will find that "stones, too, tell stories".

**Visit us at : <http://www.chandamama.org>**

"We are not enemies, but friends.

We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

- Abraham Lincoln

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Chennai-600 097*

*I, B. Viswanatha Reddi, do hereby declare  
that the particulars given above are true to  
the best of my knowledge and belief.*

(Sd.) B. VISWANATHA REDDI  
1<sup>st</sup> March 2004  
Publisher

# Congratulations!



***It is gratifying to Chandamama that  
both its Editorial Advisers were  
recently honoured at two different  
fora for their contribution to literature.***

**Mr.Ruskin Bond** was presented with the prestigious N.D.Mehra Memorial Award for 2003 for his contribution to children's literature. The Award was handed to him by a young fan during the International Book Fair in New Delhi in February. Readers of Chandamama are only too familiar with the captivating stories that come from the pen of Ruskin Bond. He has written stories revolving round adventure, nature, mystery, shikar and travel. He writes fiction and fact for adult readers as well. He lives in Mussoorie.



**Prof. Manoj Das** was conferred with a Doctorate in Literature (*honoris causa*) by Utkal University, Cuttack, at a special convocation held in March. A prolific writer, Prof. Manoj Das has been closely associated with Chandamama for more than 30 years, writing for the magazine mostly under pseudonyms. Of

late, his feature 'Ask Away' has become very popular with our readers. Prof. Manoj Das has written quite a few books which have been published in India and abroad. He teaches English in Pondicherry, where he has been living for the past 45 years. He is widely recognised as an authority on Sri Aurobindo's philosophy, and frequently travels all around the country and abroad on lecture tours.

**NEW TALES  
OF KING  
VIKRAM AND  
THE VETALA**



# Bandits Prove Better Company

King Vikram walked back to the tree, climbed it, and brought the corpse down again. Then, as soon as he resumed his journey through the cremation ground in that eerie stormy night carrying the corpse on his shoulder, the vampire possessed of the corpse began to speak. "O King, I do not know what you have done to deserve such toil and trouble, but in this world there are instances galore of people suffering for no fault of theirs. In this connection let me narrate to you the story of two boys. That might give you some relief."

The vampire began the story: Yajnasom was a wealthy man who had two sons, Harisom and Devasom. They boys were brought up with great care and comfort by their indulgent parents. But when they were in their teens, their parents died in an epidemic. There was nobody in the village to look after them.

The boys left for their maternal grandfather's house which was far away. On the way they were obliged to beg from passers-by and houses to appease their hunger. At night sometimes they got shelter, sometimes they did not, when they slept under trees. At last when they reached their grandfather's house, they found to their dismay that he was no more! However, their maternal uncle stepped in and took charge of the boys.

He was a kind man. He fed and clothed the boys well enough and even sent them to a school. But in the next few years, the uncle fell into bad days. One morning he called his nephews and said, "Listen, my boys, I'm sorry to inform you that I've become a poor man. I don't have any means to keep a servant to tend my cows and



goats. Why don't you two look after the animals? All you have to do is to lead them into the fields and keep an eye on them while they graze, and to bring them back in the evening. What do you say?"

Harisom and Devasom agreed to do the work. They went out into the fields in the morning with the herd of cattle and goats and returned in the evening. But misfortune followed them closely. There was a forest adjoining the fields. One day a tiger swooped down upon a cow and dragged it away. Another day some bandits took away another cow. The uncle felt much worried. With the loss of two good cows he realized that his cattle were in quite worthless hands!

One day, the two boys were so tired that they fell asleep in the fields and did not know it was time to go home. It was dark when they got up and could not gather all the cattle. When they went home, their uncle was angry, not only because they were late, but one or two goats were missing. The next day, Harisom and Devasom left early in the morning for the fields. Luckily for them, the two goats were safe there and when they went back in the evening, their uncle did not scold them like he had done the previous evening.

A few days later, while counting the animals in the fields before leading them back home, the boys found a goat missing. They were afraid of facing their uncle. As soon as the animals reached home, they slipped away and went into the forest in search of the missing goat.

After wandering in the forest for a long time they found the goat lying dead near a bush. By then they were totally exhausted and hungry. Harisom told Devasom,

"This goat was the pet of our uncle. He'll never excuse us for losing it."

"You're right," said Devasom. "Let's not face our uncle again. We must go away to some distant place and live either by begging or by serving."

"But I'm so hungry that I can't take another step!" said Harisom.

"So am I," said Devasom. "Let's roast this goat and eat the flesh. Nobody will see us doing so here."

They lit a fire and roasted the goat. But hardly had they started eating when their uncle arrived there looking for them. He shouted in fury, "So, this is what you are doing to my prize goat! You ungrateful, greedy creatures! Aren't you ashamed of your conduct? You deserve severe punishment. I curse you, turn into ghouls!"

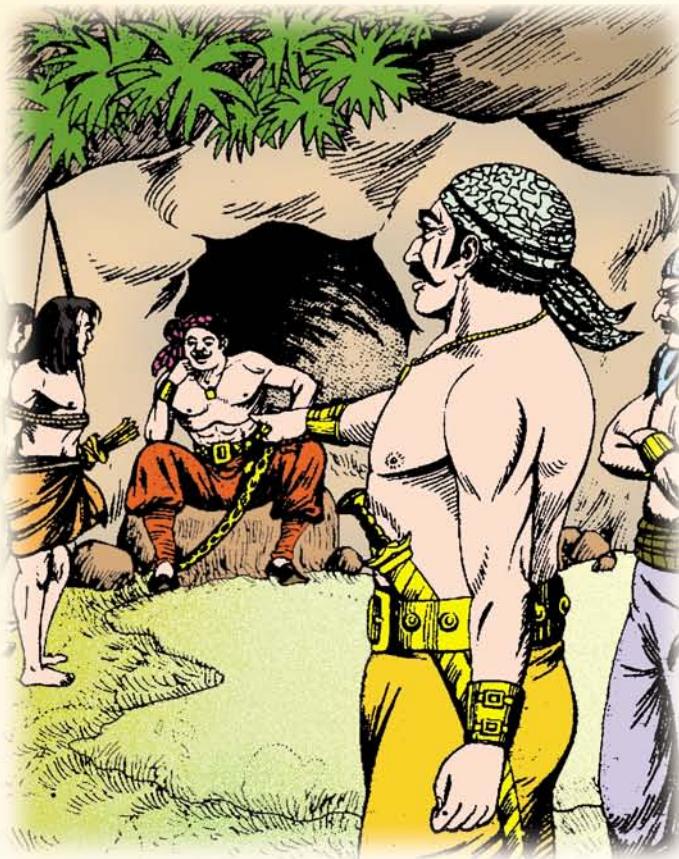
The boys had by then started running. But the uncle's curse began taking effect. They turned into ghouls.

The two young ghouls roamed about in the wide forest. One day they stepped into a yogi's hermitage and the yogi cursed them, "Turn into goblins!"

The two goblins one day went to gobble up a mendicant's food. The mendicant gazed at them and shouted, "Turn into robbers! You'll be shunned by the society." Therefore, although the boys got back their human form, they did not like to leave the forest.

In a part of the forest was a hamlet of bandits. The boys were one day captured by a group of bandits who produced them, hands bound, before their leader.

When the leader heard their story, he smiled and said, "Well, boys, you're welcome to join us. Eat to your heart's content and take rest for a few days. You'll be given the



required training thereafter.” The boys agreed and stayed on.

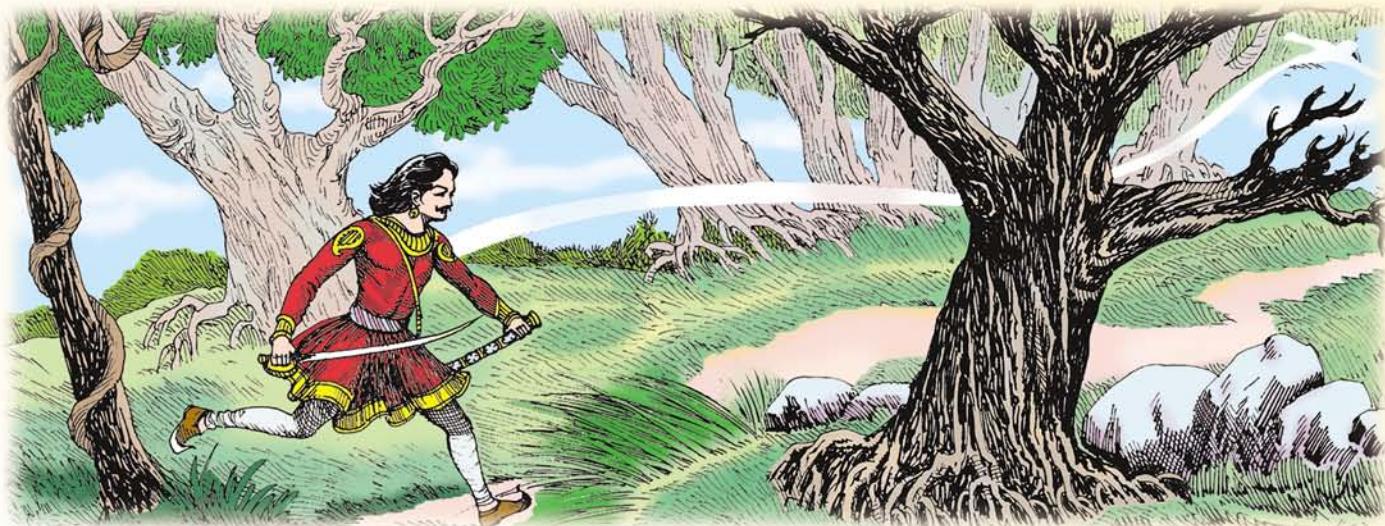
The vampire ended the story here and asked the king, “Tell me, O King, the boys had done no wrong. Yet why did they suffer so much? While society was cruel to them, how is it that the bandits were kind to them? If you know the answers and yet prefer to keep mum, your head would be shattered to pieces!”

Answered King Vikram: “The society is governed by certain general rules. People who live in society have to guard their interests. They are disturbed when their interests are injured. The boys were harassed not because of their misdeeds, but because of the force of

circumstances. Not that their uncle did not love the boys, but he uttered the curse in a fit of passion. The yogi’s curse and the mendicant’s curse were not really curses, but boons. To turn goblins from ghouls and then robbers from goblins were both changes towards the better.

“So far as the sympathy of the bandits is concerned, we must remember that they were not bound by the laws of the society. Why then should they hesitate to accept these two boys into their fold?”

No sooner had King Vikram spoken thus than the corpse gave him the slip. The next moment it was found hanging from the branch of the lone tree in a corner of the cremation ground.

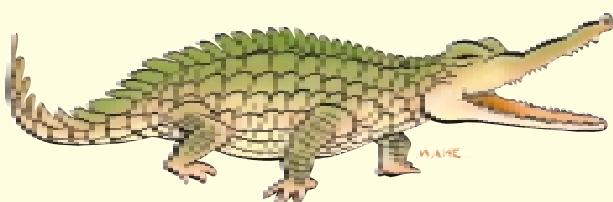


## Giants among reptiles

Swamps, dark silent pools, rivers, and waterways meandering through the jungles of tropical countries are the homes of the crocodiles, alligators or caymans - the giants of the reptile world. Of the 23 different species found on earth, the largest is the estuarine or saltwater crocodile.

It can grow more than 20 ft and weigh almost a ton. It looks fearsome particularly when seen basking on a mud bank with its huge jaws agape, displaying a forbidding array of sharp, pointed teeth.

The crocodile is more at home in water than on land, though it is amphibious. Its diet includes wading birds, turtles and sometimes larger animals including wild boar, and cattle.



A crocodile can remain underwater for 20 minutes at one stretch and on land it can touch speeds of 14 km.



STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

A Legend from Estonia

# The Lake That Ran Away

Estonia, a country in northeastern Europe, is made up of a mainland and more than 1,500 islands and islets in the Baltic Sea. It has for its borders the Gulf of Finland, Russia, Latvia and the Baltic Sea.

Its capital is Tallinn. It has many, many lakes and forests.

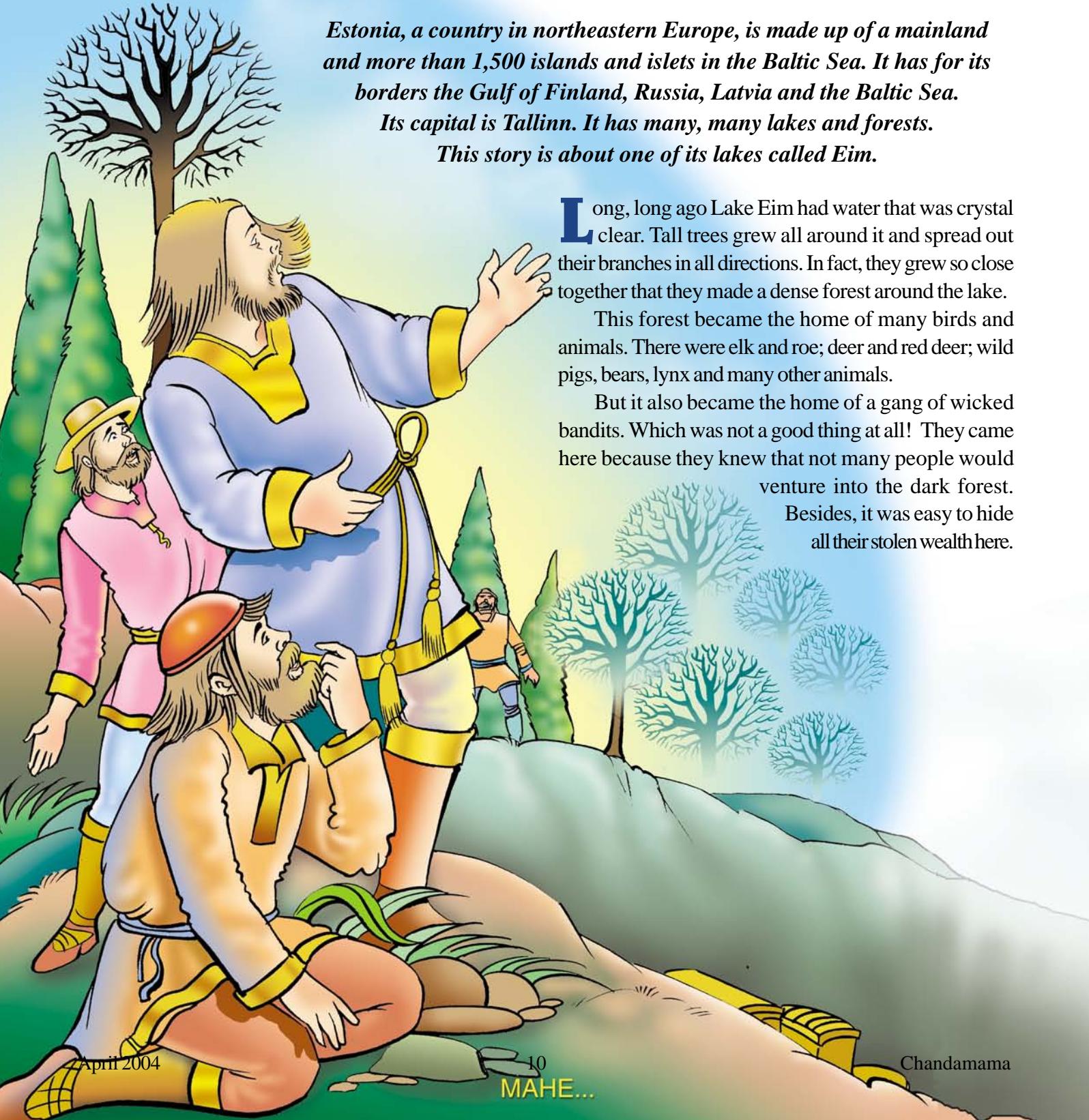
This story is about one of its lakes called Eim.

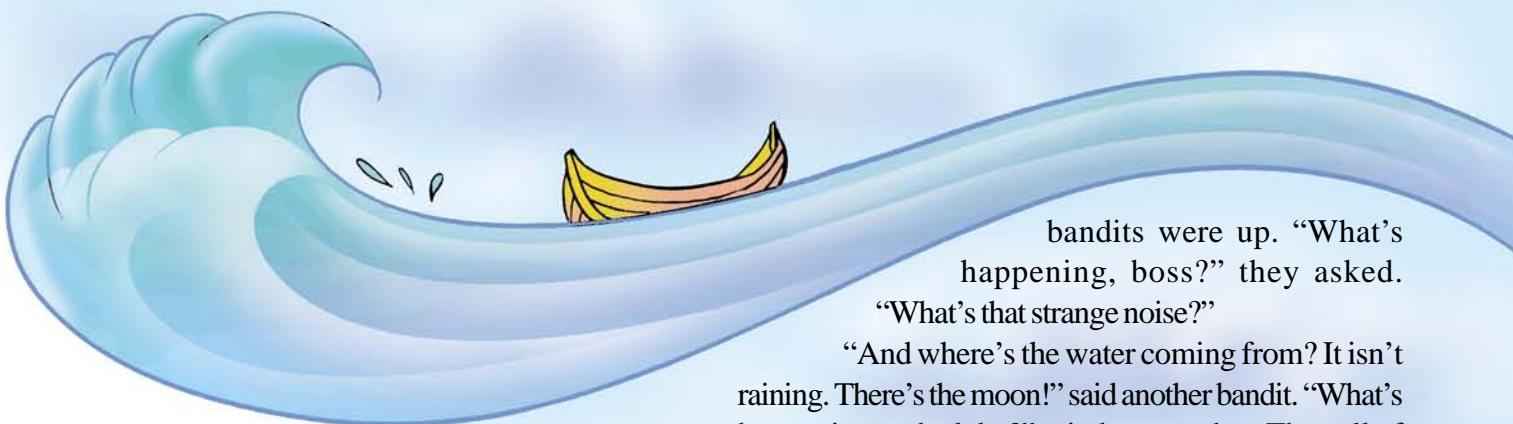
Long, long ago Lake Eim had water that was crystal clear. Tall trees grew all around it and spread out their branches in all directions. In fact, they grew so close together that they made a dense forest around the lake.

This forest became the home of many birds and animals. There were elk and roe; deer and red deer; wild pigs, bears, lynx and many other animals.

But it also became the home of a gang of wicked bandits. Which was not a good thing at all! They came here because they knew that not many people would venture into the dark forest.

Besides, it was easy to hide all their stolen wealth here.





The bandits killed the birds and animals when they needed meat. They went angling in the lake when they wanted to eat fish. In fact, they spent a lot of their time in the lake fishing away. But it was not fish that they were after! They had heard that the bed of the lake was full of treasures belonging to an old civilization. So they fished and angled in the hope of finding some of them. But despite all their efforts they did not find any treasure. The lake was so deep that they did not dare to dive right down to the bottom.

Do you know how the Lake Eim felt about the bandits? It did not mind their fishing but it felt annoyed because the bandits did nothing to keep the water clean. They never dredged the shallow parts. Or cleared the weeds. Or cut the nettles that grew wild and unchecked. The bandits were bone lazy and did not want to do any kind of hard work. As they grew lazier day by day, they also grew more and more desperate to collect more wealth. They started killing the innocent passers-by and pilgrims after looting them. They would then simply throw their bodies into the lake. Their blood stained the water and the lake simply hated it. The water grew murky and smelly. Even the flowers that grew by the lakeside got blood stains on them. The weeds and grass rotted and the mud along the lakeside got frothy. But the wicked bandits couldn't care less! They hardly noticed how the beautiful lake was changing into something repulsive and ugly. At last Lake Eim could bear it no more and decided to run away. It felt that enough was enough!

One night the bandit chief woke up when he heard a strange sound, as though something was scraping off the mud sticking to it. He felt splashes of water falling on him and thought it was raining. By then the entire group of

bandits were up. "What's happening, boss?" they asked. "What's that strange noise?"

"And where's the water coming from? It isn't raining. There's the moon!" said another bandit. "What's happening to the lake?" cried yet another. Then all of them saw a strange sight. Something that made their hair stand on end! The lake was rolling itself up like a huge carpet, shaking off the mud that clung to the bottom. Then it rose up into the sky like a huge glittering tent. They could see an enormous sheet of water spread across the sky holding millions and millions of gallons of water. Would it break on top of them and drown them all? The bandits clutched one another and shook in fear. But the lake was disgusted with the place and swirled across the sky and was soon out of sight.

When the sun rose the next morning the bandits found huge holes full of slush where the lake had been. "Come, come," cried the leader of the bandits excitedly, "the place must be teeming with fish and all the treasure we have been looking for."

"But our boats are all gone," said one of the bandits.

"Who wants boats?" said the leader. "There's no lake now and no water. We can just walk in and pick up fish by the barrel and all the treasure, too."

"I can see the treasure chests gleaming in the sun - many, many of them," cried another excitedly.

The bandits jumped in and were soon up to their waists in mud. But there were no fish to be seen! "The lake must have taken them," said the leader. "Never mind, we can take all the treasure."

"Luckily the chests are all open," said one of the bandits putting his hands in. He was expecting to pick up gold and silver. But he screamed and pulled out his hands. The chest was full of snakes! The other chests were full of frogs and lizards, newt, salamander, slugs and other slimy creatures that wrapped themselves around the bandits. The bandits screamed and ran for the shore. But the snakes and lizards, slugs and frogs followed them

and got into their huts, their clothes, their shoes, their beds and all their things. It was like a nightmare.

"There's no help for it. We must burn every single thing or these creatures will kill us," said the leader.

"What about all our stolen goods and money?" asked the others. "If we set fire to everything, all our collected wealth will be destroyed."

"There's no time to think of that. We've to save our lives first," said the leader. So they set fire to everything and soon the entire forest was reduced to ashes which made a ring around the empty crater. The bandits trudged away empty-handed. Nothing belonging to them could be saved.

In the mean time, Lake Eim had flown a long way across the sky and was just wondering what to do when it saw a stretch of dry, parched land. The mud was brown and cracked. There was hardly any vegetation and no water in the rivers and ponds. The villagers looked poor and unhappy and weak for want of proper meals. They saw the lake in the sky and thought it was an extra special cloud.

"Oh! Please give us a few drops of water," they begged, "we are dying for want of water and our crops have perished too."

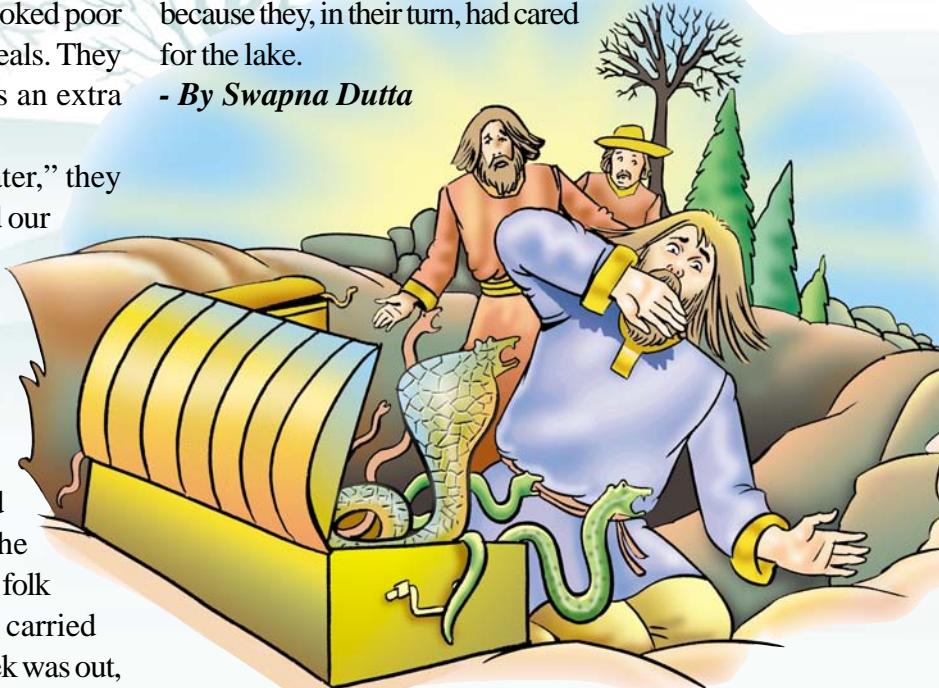
Lake Eim felt sorry for them. "I shall come down and stay with you if you can make a bed for me to lie on," it told them in a thundering voice. "Oh, we will, we will!" they cried in a chorus. "Please, please stay with us."

The entire village got busy. The men started digging with their spades and trowels. The children dug with their bare hands. The women folk wheeled away the earth in barrows. Others carried them away in pans and basins. Before the week was out,

they had dug a bed for the lake. Lake Eim slowly crept down from the sky and lay down happily. Its water was crystal clear once again. But it had carried away all the fish, boats and all the treasure with it. As the waves gently lapped the shores they threw bits of gold and silver on the sand. The villagers cheered as they picked them up and caught the boats that had once belonged to the bandits.

But before anything else, they knelt down and thanked the Lord for being so good to them. Then they thanked the lake for choosing to stay with them and for giving them so much. They planted willow trees all around the lake and cleaned up the entire shore. They built jetties for their boats and dug troughs for their cattle. They dug channels to carry water to their fields. They went fishing and picked up both fish and bits of silver and gold. The lake cared for them and helped them grow prosperous because they, in their turn, had cared for the lake.

- By Swapna Dutta



If you think all there is to a mushroom is the part you eat sliced up on a broiled steak or decorating a pizza, you are wrong. The main part of the plant, which you probably never see, is a network of branches that grow underground like a root. It is called the mycelium. The mycelium grows by feeding off decayed leaves, rotting wood, and even the tissue of living trees. Each full grown mushroom contains as many as 16,000,000,000 tiny spores in the cap. When the wind blows, these spores fly out and fall on the ground, each capable of growing into a whole new mushroom!

# Pragna and the Jigsaw Puzzle

Pragna, a little girl of seven years, had wonderful knowledge. To whatever questions put to her she could reply easily. Her father Nityananda was a businessman in the town.

One day as usual he returned home in the evening. He sat on a sofa with an intention to take a rest. Newspapers and magazines were lying on the central table. He took an English magazine and opened it. His only daughter playing nearby came to him and started asking a number of irrelevant questions.

Nityananda felt uneasy about her behaviour. He immediately pulled out the central pages and tore them into three or four pieces. The World Map was on the two pages. Nityananda asked Pragna to arrange and paste them without disturbing the world map. He said, "Do it within ten minutes."

Pragna accepted it as a challenge and took all the pieces and tried to arrange them in a proper order. She could not complete it even after five minutes. She started thinking how it could be arranged. Out of ten minutes five minutes were already over. At once an idea flashed in her mind and she arranged the pieces in the correct order. To her surprise the world map was ready. She gave it to her father. When he saw the world map perfectly in order, he could not believe his eyes immediately. He wondered how knowledgeable his daughter was.

He asked her, "How did you arrange it so perfectly?" She replied in a jolly mood, "That is a secret! I cannot reveal it." Nityananda became curious and wanted to know the secret. He called his wife Nirupama and told her all that had happened. She too was astonished.

Mother asked daughter, "My darling Pragna, will you please tell me the secret? Your Papa is anxious to know. Everybody will be happy to hear the technique of our little pretty daughter." Pragna put out one condition. She said, "Daddy and Mummy, you both have to consider any demand put forth by me and should not say 'no'. Of course, my demand will not be unreasonable."

The parents agreed to her demand. Pragna said, "When I began to arrange, I could not get the clue. I became nervous. When I reversed the pieces, I found the picture of a smiling baby. I tried to arrange pieces to get the smiling baby. It was quite an easy job. When I completed it, to my surprise the world map was also ready on the reverse!"

Both Nityananda and Nirupama said with emotion that it was not just solving a problem, but indeed an achievement of the little girl.

- By A. Vamanacharya



# The Missing Daffodils

**I**t was a foggy day in March that found me idling along Baker Street, with my hands in my pockets, a scarf wound round my neck, and two pairs of socks on my feet. The BBC had commissioned me to give a talk on village life in India, and ambling along Baker Street in the fog, thinking of my talk, I realised I didn't really know much about village life in India. True, I could remember the smell of cow-dung smoke and the scent of

jasmine, and the flood-waters lapping at the walls of mud houses, but I did not know much about village electorates and that sort of thing. I was on the point of turning back and making my way to India House to get a few facts and figures when I realised I wasn't on Baker Street any more. Wrapped in thought, I had wandered into Regent's Park. And now I wasn't sure of the way out.

A tall gentleman wearing a long grey cloak was stooping over a flower-bed, and going up to him, I said, "Excuse me, sir, can you tell me how I get out of here?"

"How did you *get in*?" he asked me in an impatient voice, and when he turned and faced me, I received a severe shock. He wore a peaked hunting-cap, and in one hand he held a large magnifying glass. A long, curved pipe hung from his sensuous mouth. He possessed a long steely jaw, and his eyes had a fierce expression—they were bright with the intoxication of some drug.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You're Mr. Sherlock Holmes!"

"And you, sir," he replied, with a flourish of his cloak, "are just out of India, unemployed, and due to give a lecture on the radio."

"But—but how did you know all that?" I stammered. "You've never seen me before. I suppose you know my name, too?"

"Elementary, my dear Bond. The BBC notepaper in your hand, on which you have been scribbling, reveals your intention to give a talk. Your name is on the envelope which you hold upside down behind it. It is 10 o'clock in the morning, and if you were not unemployed you would be sitting in an office."

"And how do you know I'm from India?" I said, a trifle resentfully.

"Your accent betrays you," said Holmes with a superior smile.

I was about to turn away and leave him, when he laid a restraining hand on my shoulder.

"Stay for a moment," he said. "Perhaps you can help me. I'm surprised at Watson. He promised to be here ten minutes ago, but his wife must have kept him at home. Never marry, Bond. Women sap the intellect."

"In what way can I help you?" I asked, feeling flattered now that the great man had condescended to take me into his confidence.

"Take a look at this," said Holmes, going down on his knees near the flower-bed. "Do you notice anything odd?"

"Somebody has been pulling out daffodils," I said.

"Excellent, Bond! Your powers of observation are as good as Watson's. Now tell me, what else do you see?"

"The ground is a little trampled, that's all."

"By what?"

"A human foot. And—yes, a dog has been here too, it has been helping to dig up the bulbs!"

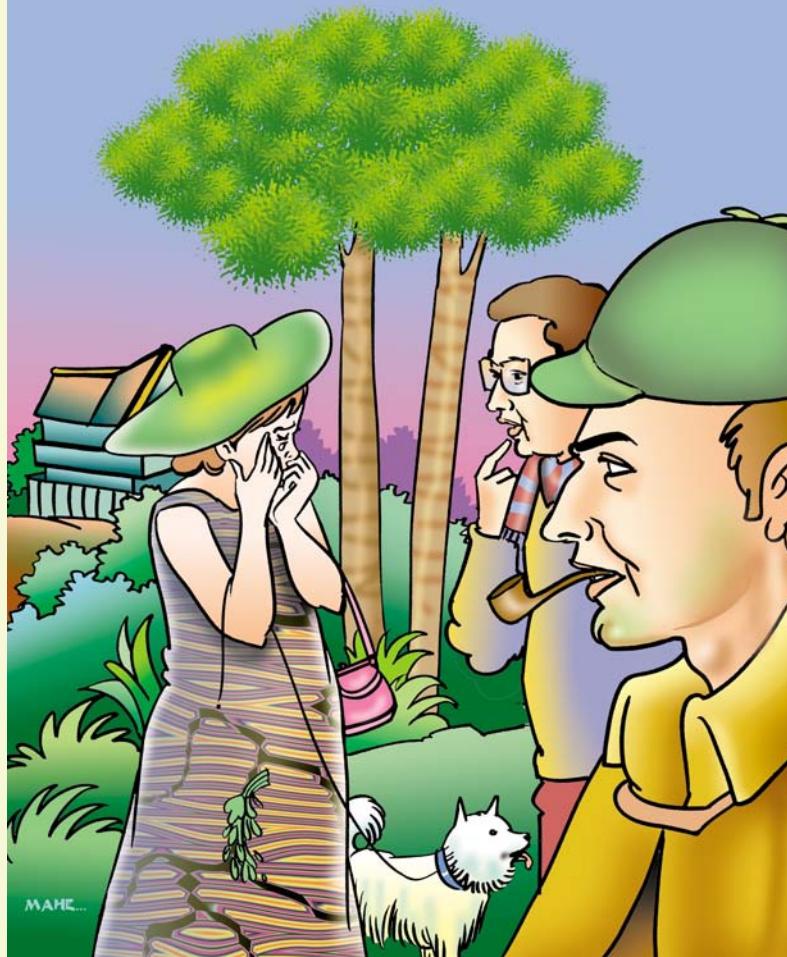
"You astonish me, Bond. You're quicker than I thought you were. Now shall I explain what all this is about? You see, for the past one week, someone has been stealing daffodils from the park, and the authorities have asked me to deal with the matter. I think we shall catch our culprit this afternoon."

I was rather disappointed. "It isn't very dangerous, is it?"

"Ah, my dear Bond, the days are past when Ruritanian princes list their diamonds, and the duchesses their tiaras. There are no longer any Ruritanian princes in existence, and duchesses cannot afford tiaras. The more successful criminals have legalised their activities, and the East End has been cleaned up. And those cretins at Scotland Yard don't even believe in my existence!"

"I'm sorry to hear that," I said. "But who do you think is stealing the daffodils?"

"Obviously it is someone who owns a dog. Someone who takes a dog out regularly for a morning walk. That points to a woman. A woman in London is likely to keep a small dog—and judging from the animal's footprints, it must be either a Pekinese or a miniature Pomeranian. What I suggest, Bond, is that we conceal ourselves behind those bushes, and wait for the culprit to come along. She is sure to come again this morning. She has been stealing



daffodils for the past one week. And stealing daffodils, like smoking opium, becomes a habit."

Holmes and I crept behind the bushes, and settled down to a long wait. After half-an-hour, our patience was rewarded. A large elderly woman in a green hat came walking stealthily across the grass, followed by a small white Pom on a lead. Holmes had been right! More than ever, I admired his brilliance. We waited until the woman began pulling daffodil plants out, and then Holmes leapt from the bushes.

"Ah, we have you, madam!" he cried, springing upon her so swiftly that she shrieked and dropped the daffodils. I sprang out after Holmes, but my effort was rewarded by a nip in the leg from the outraged Pomeranian.

Holmes held the woman by the shoulders. I don't know what frightened her more—being caught, or being confronted by that grim-visaged countenance, with its pipe, cloak and hunting-cap.

"Now, madam," he said firmly, "why were you stealing daffodils?"

She had begun to weep, and I thought Holmes was going to soften; he always did, when confronted by weeping women.

"I would be obliged, Bond, if you would call the park attendant," he said to me. I hurried off towards a greenhouse, and after a brief search found a gardener.

"Stealing daffodils, is she?" he said, running up at the double, a dangerous-looking rake in one hand.

But when we got to the daffodil-bed, I couldn't find the lady anywhere. Nor was Holmes to be seen. I was overcome by doubt and embarrassment. But then I looked at the ground, and saw a number of daffodils scattered about the place.

"Holmes must have taken her to the police," I said.

"Holmes," said the gardener. "Who's Holmes?"

"Sherlock Holmes, of course. The celebrated detective. Haven't you heard of him?"

The gardener looked at me with increasing alarm. "Sherlock Holmes, eh? And you'll be Dr Watson, I suppose?"

"Well, not exactly," I said; but before I could explain, the gardener had disappeared.

I found my way out of the Park eventually, feeling that Holmes had let me down a little; then, just as I was crossing Baker Street, I thought I saw him on the opposite kerb. He was alone, looking up a lighted room, and his arm was raised as though he was waving to someone.

I thought I heard him shout 'Watson!' But I was not sure. I started to cross the road, but a big red bus came out of the fog in front of me, and I had to wait for it to pass. When the road was clear, I dashed across. But by that time Holmes had gone, and the rooms above were dark.

## That's Science for you

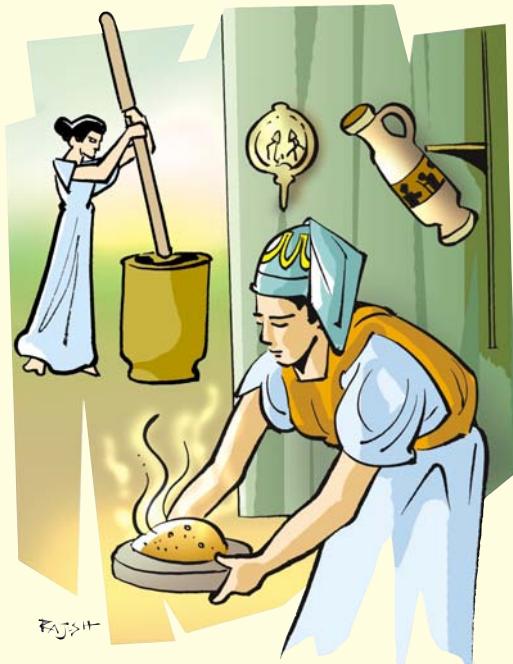
## The Bread of the ancient

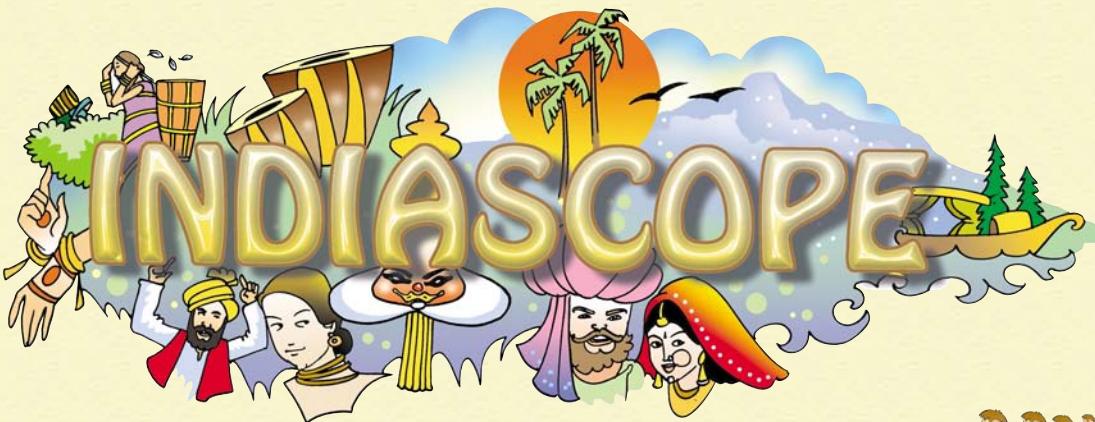
One might say that the ancient Greeks were the world's first gourmet bakers. Although leavened bread was most likely discovered in the East by the Egyptians, and was also known to the ancient Hebrews, it was the Greeks who elevated the baker's art, bringing bread out of the realm of mere nutrition and into the realm of gastronomy.

The first Greek breads, like the breads of the Egyptians, were cooked in embers or under a dome-shaped bell. But, by the first millennium before Christ, the Greeks had invented the bread oven, which could be pre-heated and opened from the front, and which really has changed very little in the last 3,000 years.

The staple food of the poor in ancient Greece was maza, a kind of bread made of barley flour. Artos, made of fine wheat flour, was expensive and reserved either for the rich, or for feast days. According to Athenaeus, the Greeks of Classical Antiquity had a repertoire of at least 72 different breads.

Among the most humorous were the empetus, shaped like a shoe and filled with cheese. Other kinds of bread included those made with cumin, fennel, coriander, anise, raisins, fenugreek, marjoram, rosemary, saffron, capers, sage, cabbage leaves, garlic, and onion.





## A colony of tailors

Kolkata has a whole colony of tailors! Every youngster in Darzeepara is a darzi. And there are nearly 20,000 of them! The (hi) story is that when the Nawab of Oudh (Ayodhya) was ousted by the British in the 1850s, the tailors went with him to Bengal. The colony consists of the descendants of the families who moved out with the Nawab.

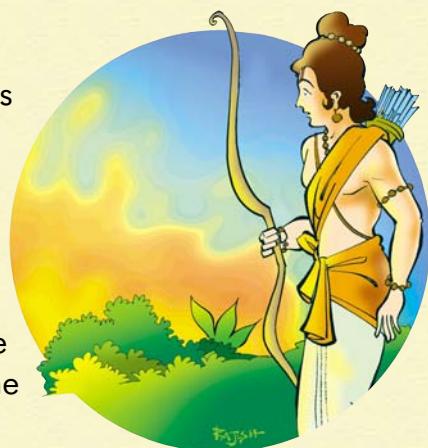


## A unique Siva temple

In almost all temples dedicated to Lord Siva, the idol worshipped is Siva Linga. The Himalayan temple at Amarnath is famous for its ice lingam, which is a formation in nature and where pilgrims flock during certain months of the year, as it is believed, the ice melts during summer. There is just one temple where it is *not* the lingam that is worshipped but Siva in a dance pose - as Nataraja. The place is Chidambaram, in Tamil Nadu. This temple has carvings of the 108 dance postures described in Bharata Muni's ***Natya Sastra***.

## A forest in flame

A forest which has several Palas trees will appear in certain months like as if it has caught fire. That is because of the bright orange flowers. The Ramayana tells us that when Rama was passing through the forests of the Vindhya mountains, he thought there was a fire ahead. When he neared the place, he saw the flowers and was captivated by the sight. The Palas has thus earned the epithet, *the flame of the forest*. The flowers blossom by the end of March and the flaming orange flowers give the landscape a bright appearance. The tree is mentioned in the Vedas, too.





# Why the Nagas don't cut fig trees

No Naga will ever cut down a fig tree, even today, because of a promise that they made long ago. It happened like this.

Once a young Naga had to walk through a thick jungle on a journey from his village across a high range of mountains. Now, sure enough he was a brave young Naga but the forest was full of demons and dark things that roam at night. The Naga knew that these creatures attacked only from behind, as they were afraid of sharp

things like knives. But the Naga also knew that they showed no mercy and if they caught hold of him, they would eat him up without hesitation or compassion.

One little fellow with great fangs and terrifying eyes did try, but the Naga was more than a match for him and he turned in a flash and cut him into ribbons with his knife.

But it was getting dark and the young man felt he might not be able to be lucky enough to destroy all the creatures that came his way, so he started looking out for a place where he could shelter at night.

He went up to the mountain ebony with its wood and white flowers. Such a beautiful tree would surely be good enough to shelter him, he thought.

"Please hide me beneath your branches for the night," he requested. "If I don't find a place for the night soon, the dark creatures will come and kill me."

"No," said the mountain ebony shaking its white flowers and glossy leaves. "I can't do that. The devils may shred my flowers and tear my leaves as they look for you and then, where will I be? I'm afraid you must find some other place."

It was now almost dark and the young man was getting quite desperate. He went to the ironwood tree. "Will you hide me, please? The devils that come out at night will tear me to shreds," he pleaded.

"I'm so sorry I would love to help you, but I really can't. We ironwood trees don't shelter people. You have to find someone



else," he said and rattled his sword-like leaves.

A huge fig tree stood nearby. It had been watching the poor young man going from tree to tree desperately. He seemed so frightened that the tree felt sorry for him. "Come to me," it said kindly.

"My branches spread wide and thick. They will protect you from the dark creatures of the night. When the devils come looking for you, for come they will, since you have killed one of them. Don't say a word or even breathe. Keep absolutely still and leave the rest to me."

So the young man crept under the thick branches of the tree and then slipped in between them till he was well hidden. And it was just as well, for the forest had now grown very dark and only the chirping of insects could be heard. In a little while, the dark little demons came out. They came looking for the man who had killed their brother.

"Where is he?" they thundered as they went from tree to tree.

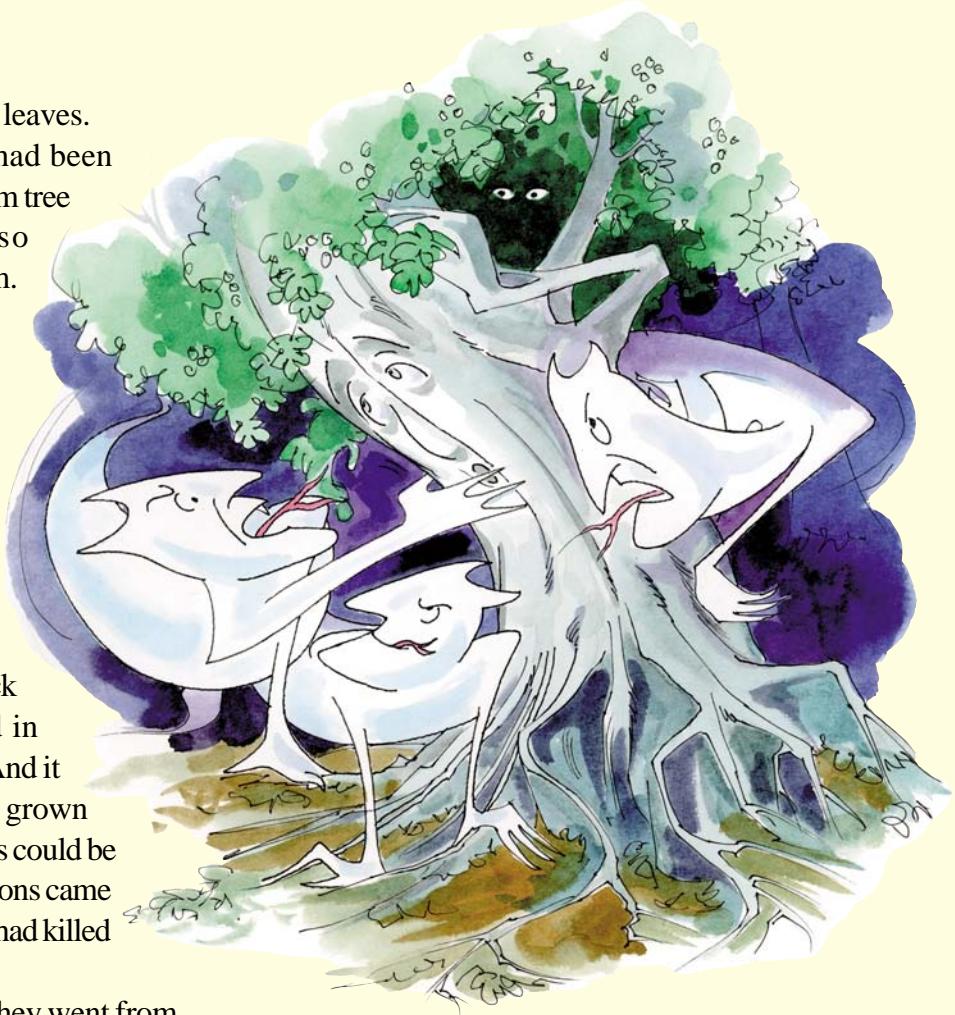
"Where is that man who dared to kill our brother? Tell us, for we must kill him," said one. "Indeed," said another. "When we find him, we will, for who can hide from us in this forest? Then we will tear him to shreds. Not a hair or a tooth will we leave whole."

And they screamed and threatened angrily as they searched high and low for the man who had dared kill their brother. They made so much noise that no one could hear the insects or even the wind as it blew through the trees.

"Where is the man?" they howled.

"We really don't know," said the trees. Finally, they came to the fig tree in which the young man was hiding. "Do you know where that wicked man is?" they asked.

The fig tree was heavy with fruit, and so it bent even low as though under the burden of the fruit and said, "I really do not know where he has gone. He is not here. Maybe you should look for him in the other part of the jungle."



The demons gnashed their teeth and howled in rage. But there was nothing to be done and screaming vengeance they finally went away. As their screaming and shrieking faded into the distance, the peace of the forest was restored.

Once more you could hear the chirping of the insects. Then, when all seemed normal, the young man came out from between the branches and hugged the fig tree.

"I will never, never forget what you did for me," he promised.

When he reached his home in the village, he told everyone what had happened and how kind the fig tree had been.

In the night a feast was held in his village to celebrate his safe return and at the feast the whole village promised to honour his pledge.

And, so you see, that is why even today a Naga will not cut down a fig tree even if it is standing in the middle of his field or land.

# Science Fair



**The year 2004 is the 'Year of Scientific Awareness' as declared by the Government of India. Chandamama was prompted to bring scientific awareness to its readers.**

**We begin a new series and introduce the writer *Dilip M. Salvi*, who has been writing for children for more than 30 years. An author of more than 60 popular science books, he has won several national and international awards and fellowships. Write and tell us what you think about this new feature.**

## World Class Astronomy in India

Astronomy is the study of planets, stars, and galaxies based on light rays emitted by them. But, have you ever heard of radio astronomy? In this, one studies radio waves emitted by these heavenly bodies to understand them. To study radio waves, a special type of telescope, called 'radio telescope', is necessary. This telescope is almost like the hemispherical, dish antenna which electronically collects radio waves emitted by heavenly bodies for their study and analysis. Did you know that India has the biggest radio telescope in the world which collects and studies meter-long radio waves?

This telescope is located in a village, Khadod, on the Pune-Nashik highway in Maharashtra. It is called 'Giant Meter-wave Radio Telescope' – or GMRT in short. It contains, not one, but as many as

30 dish antennae. Arranged in a Y-shape, each arm of the Y being 14 km long, each antenna is about 45m in diameter! Designed and built entirely by Indian scientists, technologists and engineers under the guidance of the eminent radio astronomer Dr Gobind Swarup, the GMRT is today a world class radio telescope. It studies various heavenly objects such as pulsars, galaxies and extragalactic sources.

It is expected to throw light on the origin of the universe. Interestingly, it is also searching for signals sent by alien civilizations in the universe!



# Cellphone, a nuisance?

When one is talking on the telephone with somebody very important or is writing something very urgently or thinking of solving an acute problem, the cell phone starts ringing with its musical notes, breaking the chain of thought. In such a situation, the need for a computer software which can determine the periods when you don't want to be disturbed or are left free has been felt for a long time. Recently, James Fogarty and Scott Hudson, at Carnegie Mellon University, U.S.A., have developed a software which can inform the caller to ring you up later when you are comparatively free. How does this software know how busy you are? Well, tiny microphones, cameras and touch sensors will be installed in your vicinity to keep an eye on your activities. They will record your activities. For instance, they will watch whether you are in a group, which means you are in a meeting; they will watch your seat to determine whether you are present or not; whether you are dictating a letter; or talking to somebody on a telephone by your voice and actions.

The software has first to get used to your way of life in your place to know your schedule of working, your habits, etc. Once this is done, the software would take care of all your telephone calls and inform your callers accordingly.

## Countdown

....4,3,2,1,0, Fire! This reverse counting of numbers for launching a rocket has its origin in Fritz Lang's famous science fiction film *Woman in the Moon* which was released in Germany in 1929. To give a rocket launched towards the Moon a dramatic effect in the film, Lang used the 'countdown' which somehow stuck on in rocket science. Actually, Lang's film made space rocket popular among the German people. Some youngsters who saw the film then went on to become rocket engineers and technicians and built the V2 rockets, now called 'ballistic missiles', for the then Nazi Germany. They carried with them the dramatic effect of the countdown in the film when the rockets were actually built.



## Science Quiz

1. What is known as 'energy molecule' in the living world?  
(a) ATP (b) ADP (c) TNT (d) RNA
2. Which is the world's largest bay?  
(a) Walilvis Bay (b) Bay of Bengal  
(c) Mossel Bay (d) San Francisco Bay
3. Which bone is of the head?  
(a) Skull (b) Pelvis (c) Coccyx (d) Scapula
4. Who laid the foundations of nuclear science in India?  
(a) Raja Ramanna (b) Vikram Sarabhai  
(c) M.G.K. Menon (d) Homi J. Bhabha
5. Which is the most conspicuous feature on the surface of Mars?  
(a) Valles Marineris (b) Hells Planita  
(c) Olympus Mons (d) Syrtis Major

Answers: 1.(a) 2.(b) 3.(a) 4.(d) 5.(d)



## SAYING OF A SCIENTIST

*Breathe in the thought of success and you will be a success. - A.P.J.Abdul Kalam*



# Marathon in Memory of a Messenger



**N**owadays, marathon is not an exclusive event of the Olympic Games. Big cities like Boston, USA, and London hold international marathon every year and thousands of people including well-known runners participate in these prestigious events. A marathon of international standards was organised in Mumbai as recently as February 14.

Marathon is a principal event of the modern Olympic Games, and is generally regarded as a feat of great endurance. How marathon came to be included as an Olympic event makes interesting reading.

To start with, Marathon is the name of a place—a plain on the east coast of Greece. Persia (modern day Iran), in the 5th century B.C., was being ruled by King Darius. He called his generals and said : “Enslave Athens and bring the slaves to me !” The year was 490 B.C. A large Persian army landed in Greece.

Although they greatly outnumbered the Athenians, who were joined by the Plataeans, the Greek army led by Miltiades offered a valiant resistance. He felt that they would need the help of the city state, Sparta, and so despatched an Athenian courier called Pheidippides to Sparta with an urgent message to send some men.

The Greek army was meeting the Persian invaders at Marathon, so the young courier ran all of the 150 miles (241 km) to Sparta non-stop in 36 hours. Most of the route comprised mountainous terrain. He delivered the message and is reported to have fallen down exhausted. He did not get up.

There are variations to the story. According to the Greek historian, Herodotus (5th century B.C.), Pheidippides ran back to Marathon to tell the Athenians that Sparta was busy with a religious festival and would not be able to send an army. The historian also states that the soldier who ran to Athens to convey the news of victory was a different person.

In the Battle of Marathon, while the Athenians lost less than 200 men, the Persian army lost nearly 6,400 soldiers. The joyous Athenians persuaded Pheidippides himself to run to Athens to pass on the good news to the anxious citizens. The distance was only 26 miles which he covered in three hours . With his mission fulfilled, the young soldier fell down dead.

His feat was commemorated when the modern Olympic Games was revived in 1896, and the event came to be called marathon. In the beginning, varying distances were tried. In 1924 it was standardised to cover a distance of 42.2 km (26 miles 385 yards).

**The winner of the first marathon was Spiridon Louis, a Greek postman from Marusi, who covered the distance in 2 hours 58 minutes 50 seconds. Carloses Lopes of Portugal ran the marathon in the fastest time so far of 2 hours 9 minutes 21 seconds, in the 1984 Los Angeles Games.**

**In the Standard Chartered Mumbai International Marathon 2004, in the men's group Hendrik Ramaala of South Africa came first with a timing of 2 hrs 15 min 46 seconds. It was his first career victory in 10 marathon events he had participated. The winner among women was Vryga Violetta of Poland (2:47.53).**

# Newsflash

## A 24-hr essay on Gandhiji

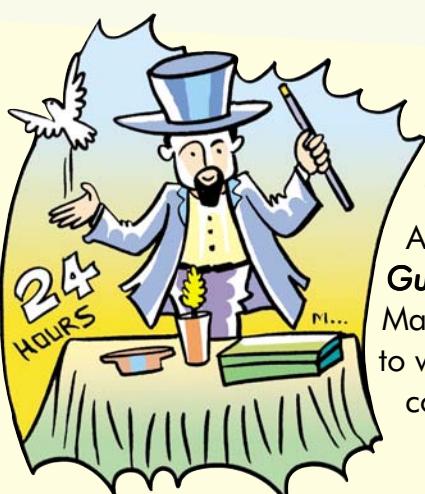
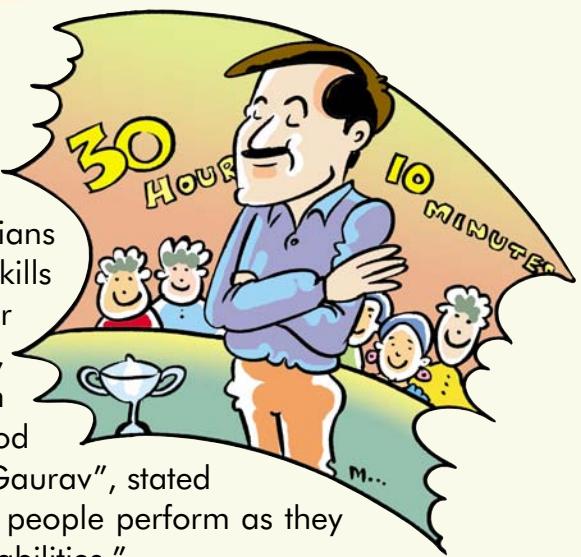


A lot has been written on the Father of the Nation; Gandhiji himself was a prolific writer, not only in the newspaper *Harijan*, but elsewhere as well. All this came to the help of E.Nandini, a Standard XI student of a school in Chennai when she decided to write an essay on the Mahatma for 24 hours at one stretch. The setting was perfect, because she chose the Gandhi Mandapam on the Marina in Chennai to get the correct atmosphere for her record-making performance. She began writing at 10 on a February morning, and ended her 'yajna' the next day at 10. All that she wrote was from memory, without referring to any book or printed material.

One can only imagine how much knowledge on Gandhiji she must have acquired to "perform" this feat.

## A "Record" Meeting

Unlike the *Guinness Book of World Records*, the *Limca Book* is confined to individuals and institutions in India. There was a unique meeting in New Delhi recently when nearly 30 Indians who feature in either of the Book of Records displayed their skills or talents, though not with the intention of creating another record. Among those present was Seshu Babu of Vijayawada, who had stood motionless for 30 hours 10 minutes to gain an entry in the *Guinness*. For a good part of the meeting, he stood still! The organisers of the meet, which was called "Bharat Gaurav", stated that it was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity "to watch these people perform as they stretch the limits of their physical endurance and mental capabilities."



## Non-stop magic

Tiruchirappally in Tamil Nadu witnessed a Mega Magic Show by A.Alexander which lasted 24 hours. His aim was to get an entry in the *Guinness Book*, and so the publishers in London had asked the Indian Magic Hobby Association and the International Brotherhood of Magicians to watch the unique show and vouchsafe its authenticity. The audience comprised top government officials and media representatives.



Dear Eco-friends,

On Earth Day we can take control of our energy consumption and make it more cost efficient in the way we use electricity. As a result, we will have a cleaner air, save money and protect the environment. Energy efficiency is the cheapest, fastest, safest and cleanest answer to our electricity shortage. We don't have to be held hostage by power generators. Every kilowatt of electricity we save displaces one we would otherwise have to buy or produce.

Love

KOPRA KUTTY

## Care of the earth

You might be familiar with Earth Day which is observed on April 22 every year. But have you ever wondered why a day has been set apart as Earth Day?

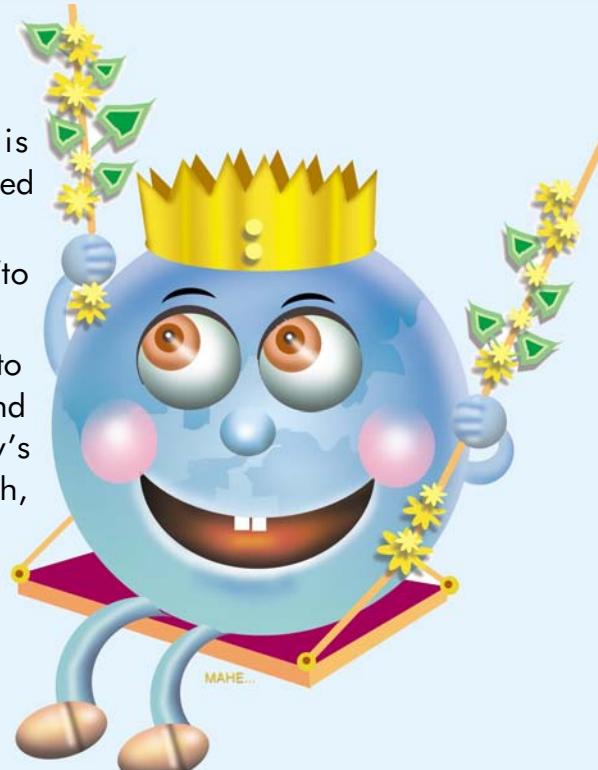
It is a day to celebrate the natural wonders of our planet, "to think about Earth's tender seedlings of life".

It was first proposed by John McConnell in October 1969 to a few members of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and other community leaders. Earth Day uses one of humanity's great discoveries, the discovery of anniversaries by which, throughout time, human beings have kept their sorrows, their joys, their victories, their obligations alive for re-celebration and re-dedication of another year, another decade, another century, another eon.

Earth Day reminds the people of the world of the need to continue care which is vital to Earth's safety. The earth will continue to regenerate its life sources only as long as we, all the peoples of the world, do our part to conserve its natural resources.

Earth Day draws on astronomical phenomena in a new way, using the vernal equinox, the time when the sun crosses the equator making night and day of equal length in all parts of the earth. To this point in the annual calendar, Earth Day attaches no local or divisive set of symbols, no statement of the truth or superiority of one way of life over another.

The earth will continue to regenerate its life sources only as long as we and all the peoples of the world do our part to conserve its natural resources. It is a responsibility which every human being shares. Through voluntary effort, each one of us can join in building a productive land in harmony with nature.



# Earth Day Recipe

**Time for some little fun - enjoy this recipe  
on Earth Day**

## Mudpie Cookies:

### Ingredients:

2 cups of sugar, 2 tablespoons of cocoa  
1/2 cup of milk, 1/2 cup of butter  
1/2 cup of peanut butter  
2 cups of oatmeal, 1 teaspoon of vanilla flavouring

### Equipment:

Measuring cup, medium size mixing bowl, medium size pan to cook

on stove (take the help of grownups!), measuring spoons, waxed paper, large spoon.

Mix the sugar and the cocoa together in a bowl. Stir in the milk.

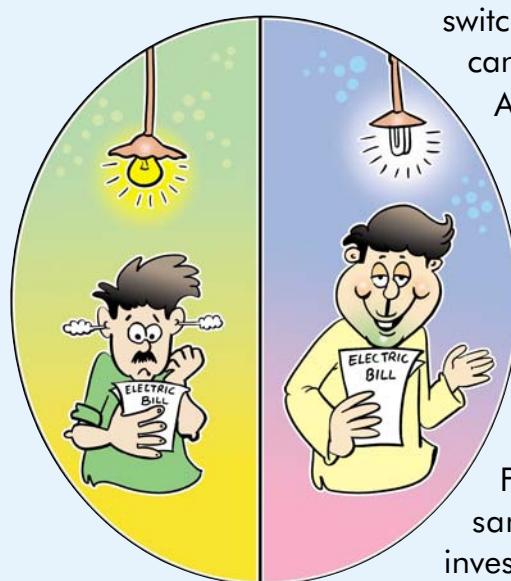
With the help of any elder, put the mixture in a pot, add the butter, and keep it on the stove to cook. It needs to come to a full boil and cook that way for two minutes.

The elder should keep stirring the mixture the whole time it cooks so that it won't burn. The grownup needs to take the mixture off of the stove and mix the rest of the ingredients with the cooked part of the recipe. Then the mixture needs to be dipped, by spoonfuls, on to the waxed paper and allowed to cool. Voila! Now you may eat your mudpies!



## Light up your life on Earth Day

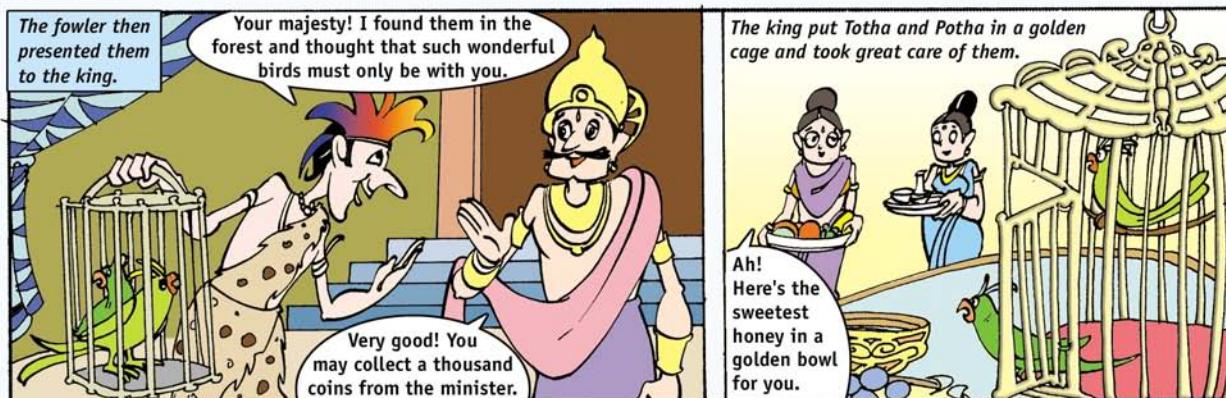
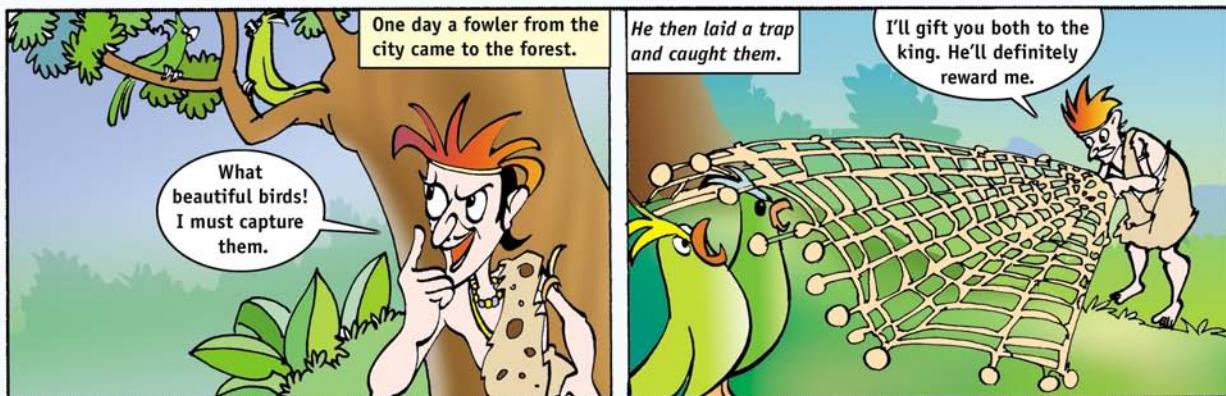
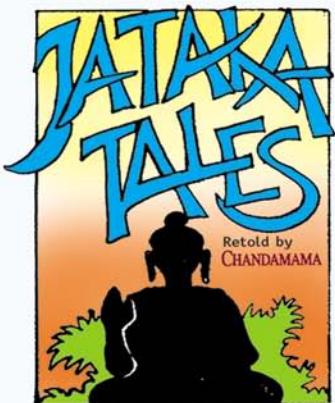
From 10 to 15 per cent of the average home's electricity costs can be controlled with the flip of a switch – the light switch. You don't want to live in the dark, so how can you light the house more efficiently?

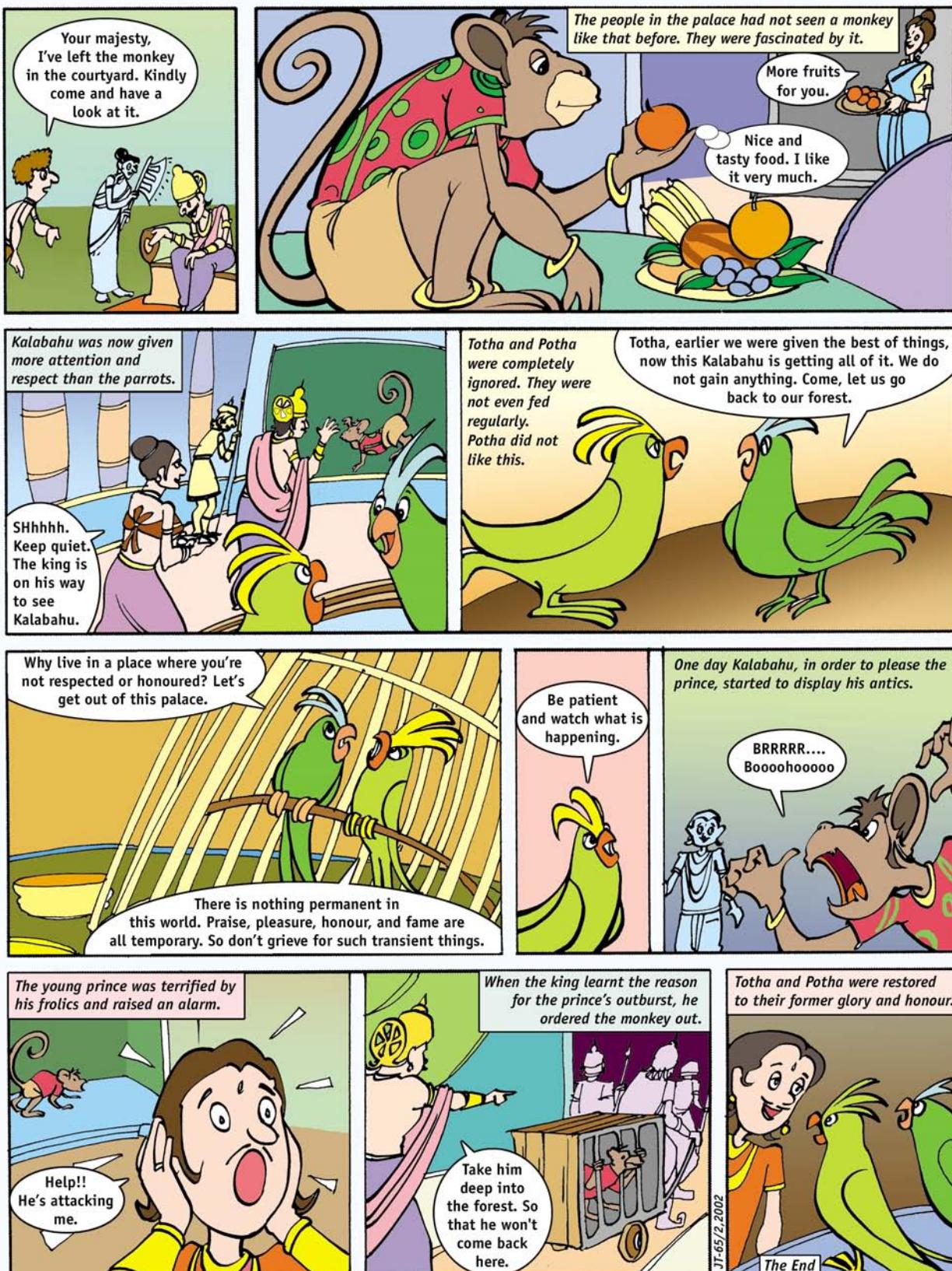


A good solution: Compact fluorescent bulbs (CFLs) use up to 75 per cent less energy and last up to 10 times longer than incandescent bulbs. CFLs have improved tremendously since first introduced. They have become smaller, cheaper and brighter, and offer improved colour quality.

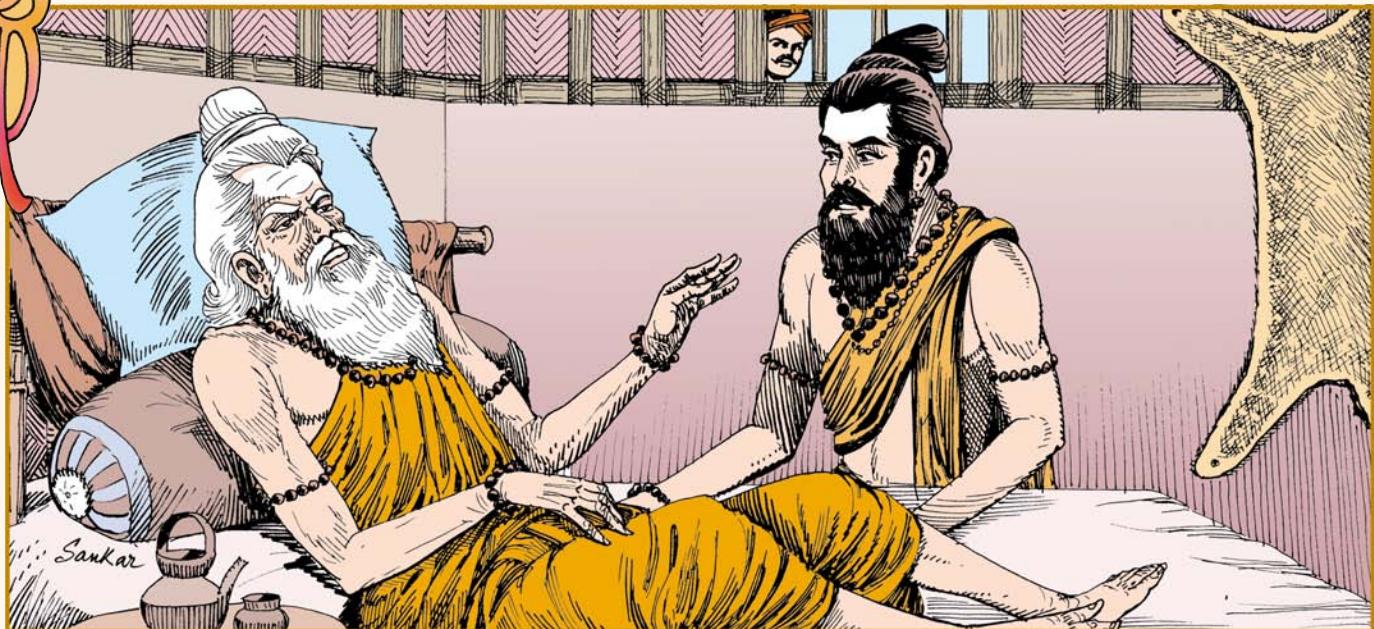
Replace all light fixtures and bulbs that operate four or more hours a day with ones that use fluorescent bulbs to save money and energy. Use lumens — the amount of light produced — to compare lights.

For example, a 23-watt fluorescent bulb produces about the same number of lumens as a 100-watt incandescent. Your investment will generally pay for itself in a couple of years.





# THE IMP'S ORDEAL



**Y**ogi Alokananda, who lived in his hermitage in the forest, announced that he was about to leave his body. He was more than a hundred years of age and he had trained one of his disciples, Dhirananda, to take charge of his other disciples.

Dhirananda was alone with his guru when the latter told him, "Never neglect to take proper care of all the holy objects that are in the Ashram. However, you will find a stone with a strange shape in one corner of that box over there. Throw it into the river as you chant some hymn of peace."

"If you don't mind, may I know what is so special about the stone?" asked Dhirananda, feeling curious.

"Well, that had been given to me by a Tantrik friend. There is a little imp inside the stone. Should someone dash it on the ground, the imp would come out and ask for work. It cannot do anything really useful except perform little miracles, like putting into your hand some small object or surprising the people around you with some weird noises or making a few things hang in the air, so on and so forth. The problem is, once the imp is out, it will never remain quiet. It will pester its owner asking for similar sorts of work. It will be in peace only if the stone is thrown into the river," explained the guru. He then

added, "But once it comes out of the stone, it will never go back into it nor leave the man responsible for bringing it out. It will disappear on its own only after five years."

Soon after this the guru's health deteriorated. His condition became critical. The disciples remained busy attending to his needs. It was only the day after his passing away that Dhirananda remembered the stone and opened the box to take it. Alas, the stone was missing. He searched for it in all the boxes in the guru's room, but to no avail.

Two days passed. It was a dark night when someone knocked on Dhirananda's door. He woke up and opened the door and recognized the visitor who was a disciple of the guru. Chandran was his name. He lived in the village close to the forest and used to visit the Ashram.

"What's the matter? Why are you looking harassed?" asked Dhirananda.

"My friend, I'm really harassed," said Chandran. He then confessed to having overheard the conversation between the guru and Dhirananda regarding the weird stone.

"I'm sorry that I could not check my temptation to steal the stone. After all, it was to be of no use to you and you would have hurled it into the river. I dashed it

on the ground and indeed the imp appeared. Nobody but I could see it. It demanded work. I walked into the village square. So many people were there. I promised to show them a miracle. I asked the imp to set fire to a bush. It did so and the bush went up in flames. Next I asked it to extinguish the fire. It did so. The villagers were amazed, but not quite pleased. I had hardly come back home when the imp asked me for more work. I asked it to water the plants in my garden. Instantly it uprooted all the plants and watered them. I was shocked. I scolded the imp. It neither understood me nor felt sorry for what it had done. All it did was to demand more commands for showing such useless miracles. I asked the imp to produce a gold ring. Instantly I found one in my palm; but at the same time my sister had lost hers! In other words, the imp had whisked it from her finger."

"Why don't you ask the imp to go to your fields and till the soil?" suggested Dhirananda.

"I'm afraid it would do something similar to what he did to my plants. It can be engaged in performing miracles alone, not in anything else. How can I go on showing miracles to people for five years continuously? Who would care for them? And what about my own work? I'm growing crazy in just two days! The imp rests only for an hour at midnight, recharging itself with vigour. That's what it is doing just now. Kindly tell me what I should do to get rid of it," said Chandran. He was on the verge of weeping.

Dhirananda thought for a moment and then said something to Chandran. He had hardly finished speaking

when the imp peeped through the window and asked Chandran for work.

"The work is ready for you," said a beaming Chandran as he went out into the open. He led the imp to the backyard of his house. There lay his dog.

"Now, little imp, see my dog's tail. It is curled, isn't it? Well, straighten it, without harming the creature. Come back to me when you have finished doing your job," instructed Chandran.

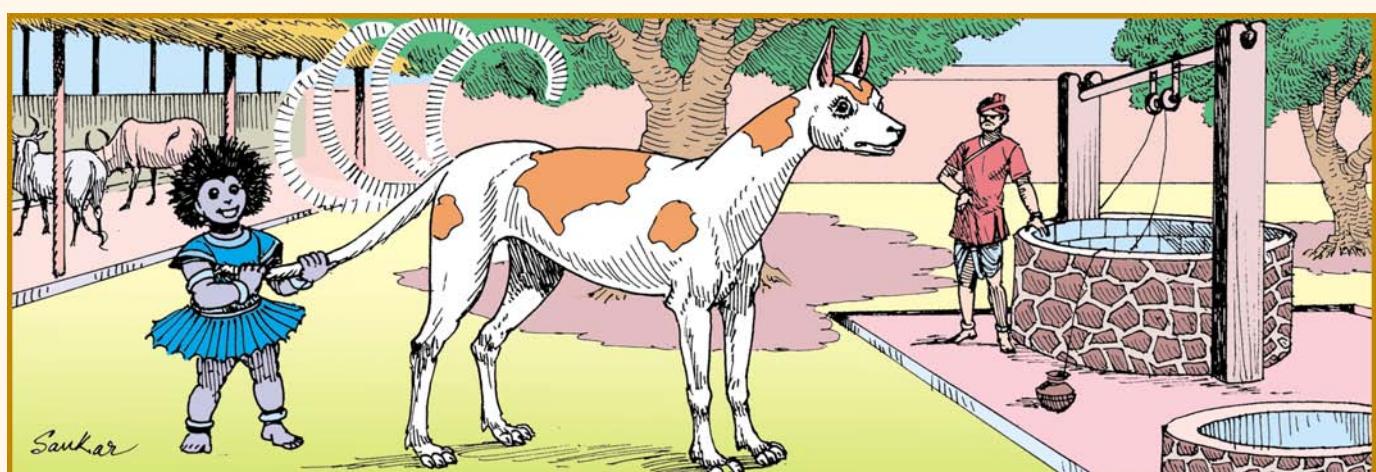
"That I will finish in a trice!" said the imp boastfully. It sat down and took the dog's tail into its hands and straightened it. But the moment he left the tail, it got curled again. The imp tried again – again – and again. But there was no change in the tail. After a while the dog got up and walked towards the front door. The imp, invisible, followed the creature, never stopping in his effort. It went on.

Chandran quietly left the scene. A year has passed and the imp had not returned to him. Chandran knows that five years would pass and the imp would disappear. His dog's tail would remain as curled as ever.

Next day he went back to Dhirananda. "Do you now understand why our guru used to compare the character of some of the human beings with a dog's tail? Like a dog's tail ever remaining curled, however much you try to straighten it, the nature of those people will also remain crooked, however much you strive to straighten it."

Both of them laughed and Chandran once again apologized for having stolen the stone.

- By Viswavasu



# Our Man Friday



**H**e was brought to our house on a raw winter morning by Ram Vilas, a peon at our father's office. Father had asked him some time ago to look for a domestic help for us. Our family then was in need of one who could manage the entire household efficiently, including cooking.

His name was Raja Ram. He was a young country lad of not more than fifteen or sixteen. He was jolly, easy-going, honest and hard working by nature. He had never worked as a domestic help before in his life; but he knew cooking well.

He was rather swarthy-complexioned, small in stature and, even at that young age, sturdily built like a wrestler in his prime, with well-developed muscles on his arms and broad chest and shoulders. He had short ruffled, rather dusky hair, with no recognizable hair-do, and a

plum face featuring a high forehead, thick dusky eyebrows, a fairly regular nose, slightly protruding lips, thick jaws and a shapely chin. His eyes were big and sparkling; his ears were relatively small. And his chin, cheeks and upper lip were downy.

He was clad in a full-sleeved gingham shirt, a sleeveless sweater and pyjama trousers. He was shod in slip-on shoes and had a small handbag made of cloth slung over his shoulder. His voice was deep and he spoke in a broad country dialect.

Since Raja Ram was then just a young lad with no previous experience of working, our father at first expressed his unwillingness to take him on—doubting whether he would be able to cope adequately with the job—but then, after thinking for a while, he said he would let us know on his return from office in the evening whether he would take him on.

However, before leaving he asked Raja Ram to stay with us until then.

Memories of the first day spent in Raja Ram's company are still fresh in my mind. I and my younger brother (who attended the same school as I) had skipped school that day to spend the whole day with him. Initially we found him to be very shy but later, as the day progressed and our other two brothers joined us on their return from school, he shed all his shyness and regaled us with diverting stories, jokes, and anecdotes. We found him to be a good story-teller, who had a style of his own of recounting stories (he sang them rather than blandly expressing them in words).

As he was not in our service yet, we did not ask him to do any work that day, domestic or otherwise. We just enjoyed his company.

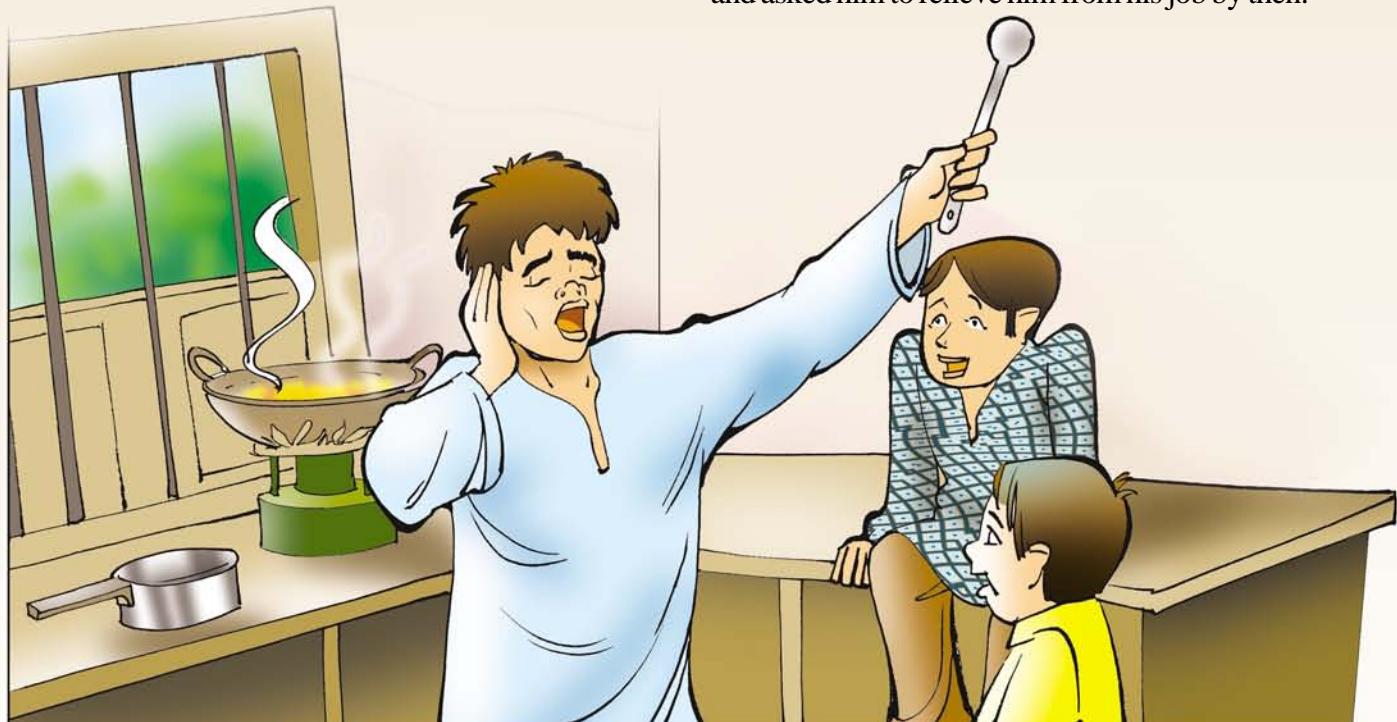
In the evening, father returned home with good news for us: he had finally decided to take Raja Ram on. He finalized with him the terms and conditions of his employment, and Raja Ram started his job from the very evening.

In the beginning Raja Ram had problems in managing his job. He especially had difficulty preparing our breakfast and lunch on time, with the result we children often had to go to school without one or the other. He would also almost always forget to include one item or another in the list he made from time to time of kitchen-items which were in short supply. And when he needed the item while cooking, one of us had to run to a nearby grocery to buy it.

In time, however, he grew into his job and we began to get things done on time. We also came to know more about his nature and abilities, such as we were previously not aware of, and his family as well.

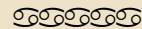
Besides being, as I said earlier, jolly, easy-going, honest and hard working, he was also of a brave and generous spirit and a devoted help. He looked after the house and the household with such devotion that it seemed as though they were all his own.

He was a good ballad-singer and a good acrobat as well, as being a good story-teller.



His family consisted of his father, stepmother and two step-sisters. As for his own mother, she had died when he was very young. After her death his father remarried. The stepmother turned out to be a termagant. She soon made her husband submissive and subservient.

Her behaviour to Raja Ram was, at best, atrocious. She would always try to find fault with him and shriek abuses at him and beat him severely at the slightest mistake. And his father simply watched while his son was made to suffer all this. He did not have the courage to intervene.



Time rolled by and Raja Ram had now served our family for two-odd years. He was no longer just a domestic help but an integral part of the ménage (household).

He loved his step-sisters a lot and would visit them from time to time out of solicitude. One afternoon when he returned from one such visit to his home, his face wore a look that said he was contemplating something. In the evening, he shocked us all by telling father that he had decided to go to Bombay to work there in a tailoring shop with a fellow-villager who was already employed there and who would apprentice him to the master tailor of the shop. He told father that the latter was home on leave at present and would be leaving for Bombay shortly and asked him to relieve him from his job by then.

Father relieved him that very evening, and plunging us all into grief, Raja Ram left for his village the next morning.

Raja Ram's departure left a void in our lives which seemed impossible to fill. With the passage of time, however, we learned—or had to learn, rather—to live without him. But his memories lived on. During his stay with us, we had got so used to living with him that even long after he was gone, we would often imagine him doing the household chores, playing with us, and entertaining and regaling us with his many talents. His name still figured quite a lot in our conversation and we would recall the incidents (pleasant as well as unpleasant) involving him which took place during his stay.

One particular incident will always remain fresh in my mind. It took place one summer afternoon towards the evening while we brothers, along with some other children, were playing hide-and-seek in a guava orchard, which was our favourite haunt and not very far from our house. Raja Ram, of course, was with us, too (we often invited him to play with us in his free time).

While he was standing hidden behind a large tree, a snake fell on him straight from above, scaring the life out of him and making him run for his life, shrieking. After this incident we dared not venture there for the rest of the summer.



It was well-nigh a decade now since Raja Ram had left us. The period witnessed some important changes in our lives. The most important among them were, father got promoted and we had moved house.

One winter afternoon while I was basking in the warm sun, comfortably ensconced in an armchair in our lawn with my eyes closed (I had almost nodded off) I was awakened by a rasping sound at the metal gate to our lawn. When I looked towards the gate, I saw a young man standing at the gatepost with his back towards me, lowering the latch of the gate. Before I could ask him



anything, he turned and greeted me with a gentle happy smile on his face. I could not believe my eyes for a moment when I saw Raja Ram walking towards me. Reciprocating with a generous smile and a hearty welcome, I took him inside at once, where we all clustered around him, immensely pleased to see him again and impatient to know all about his life in Bombay (he had not contacted us even once since he left us).

A feeling of great delight filled us all when we came to know that our Man Friday had risen in this world and was now his own master. Having set up in business as a tailor, he was now the proud owner of a tailoring shop there. But in order to accomplish this, he had had to struggle and have his share of vicissitudes - without which success in any endeavour can never be achieved.

Raja Ram left for his village in the evening the very same evening.

After that I have not met him again. But my memories of his association with my home are still fresh in my mind. Today, when I think of him I cannot help but admire him for his achievement, which was no mean, considering.

- By Sanjay Kumar Srivastava

### ALL BECAUSE OF AN IDIOM

Bright was the sun, and hungry was the boy, Chaitanya. He was walking briskly, from the shade of one tree to that of the other. He reached home tired, and was about to faint when suddenly he pulled himself up.

Ha! There was a piece of cake lying in front of him on the table. His mouth watered, but he thought of asking his mother who was standing beside him, chatting on the telephone with her friend.

Chaitanya put the question to her, but she didn't hear. After a while, she replied, "It's not my piece of cake." But that remark was actually meant for the friend.

Chaitanya mistook it and started filling his appetite with that very piece of cake. His mother's face turned red when she saw this. She put down the receiver and asked, "Why did you eat my share of the cake?"

"But, mom, didn't you say 'it's not my piece of cake'?"

-Aditi Mohta (11), Indore.

### HIPPO'S TAIL

Long, long ago, many animals lived together in a large dense forest. They were struggling so hard, because they were being bothered by bees, fleas, flies, moths, and many other insects. Do you know why? They did not have tails! The King of the Forest, the Lion, alone had a tail.



Seeing the way the other animals were suffering, the Lion set up a tail shop, and made an announcement that whoever wanted a tail could go to the tail shop, buy one tail and get it fixed by the jungle doctor. Many animals rushed to the shop to choose a tail. Monkeys, jackals, foxes, cheetahs, tigers, and other animals stood in a queue and bought one tail or another, and had it attached by the jungle doctor.

Unfortunately, the hippopotamus, the laziest of them all, was too lazy and too fat to join the queue. At last by the time he decided to go and get a tail and reached the shop, there was only one short tail left. Anyway he bought it and had it fixed on to him. But what use? When the insects bother him, his tail is unable to drive them away. The hippo then escapes by wading into the water.

-S.Joanna Arpita (9), Visakhapatnam

## FORGIVENESS



Ask for forgiveness  
Without hesitating  
Right in front of Him  
The one and only one  
Who forgives  
The whole mankind.

Being grateful is our duty,  
Praying to Him wholeheartedly,  
From the bottom of our heart  
To the top of His greatness  
Describing His beauty.

Never forget the forgiver,  
As He is the only freegiver,  
Who protects the whole world  
And safeguards Nature.

*Srividya R.Naik (13)  
Mumbai*

## MY SCHOOL

I go to a lovely school,  
Where they teach me not to be a fool  
The teachers give me lots of knowledge,  
Which will help me in my college.  
I come here to learn,  
So that in my future I can earn  
They make me really fit,  
So that I can become a great hit.

*- Sharanya (9), Mumbai*





**Geography teacher :**

What is the height of Mt. Everest?

**Ramu :** It cannot be predicted, ma'am.

**Teacher :** Predicted? What do you mean?  
**Ramu :** Last year it measured 5 cm in my text-book. This year, it is 8 cm.

**Upasana Raj (10), Walope, Chiplun**

**Monu :**

Sunny, the days are getting hot. I think I must construct a swimming pool. In what way can you help me?



**Sunny :** My friend, I can fill it up with a bucket of water.

**Santosh N. (12), Bangalore**



**Beggar :** Would you give something to buy me food?

**Businessman :** Here, take this rupee.

**Beggar :** One rupee? So, you too are poor!

**Businessman :** Don't talk rubbish!

**Beggar :** Don't raise your blood pressure! Take five rupees from me.

**Ashish Thakre (10), Bangalore**



**Anju :** Do you know? My father has such a big yard that anybody wanting to cross it once will have to take enough food for morning, noon and evening.

**Biju :** My father has such a long ladder that everytime he wants to call on God in heavens, he has only to climb it.

**Anju :** Oh no! Then where does he keep such a long ladder?

**Biju :** Of course, in your father's yard!

**Bishnu Charan Mahapatra (12) , Puri, Orissa**

**Ramesh :** Doctor, what shall I do to reduce my weight? Everyone is teasing me.

**Doctor :** Take some exercises every morning.

**Doctor (1 month later) :**

What exercise did you take?

**Ramesh :** I did horse-riding.

**Doctor :** And what were the results?

**Ramesh :** My weight went up by five kilos, and the horse's weight decreased by five kilos.



**Anjali Gour (11), Nashik**



One evening, a boy and an old man were occupying the same bench on the beach. Suddenly, the old man

**called out to the boy :** I can't hear, please speak loudly.

**The boy said :** I didn't speak to you. I was only chewing a chewing gum.

**Shuhairath Kadeeja (12), Manama, Bahrain**

# RIDDLES



1. Where can you get the knowledge of a hen?

2. What do cows produce during an earthquake?



3. Where do elephants keep their dress?



- Sandhya B. (10), Balgalore

4. Which hat can't we wear?



5. Which cock does not sing?



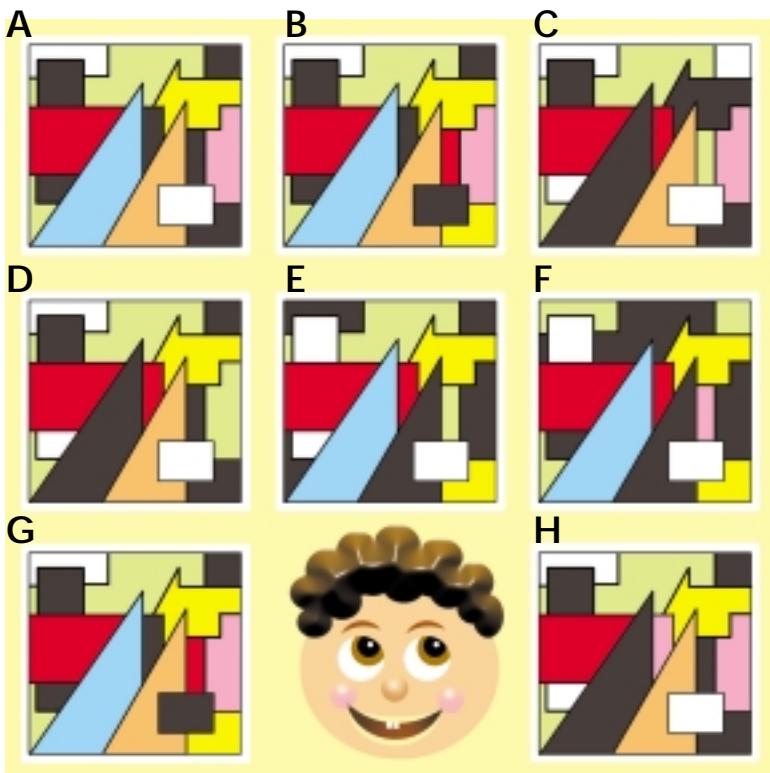
- V.K. Nambe Narayan (10), Mumbai

# PUZZLES

1. My head is my tail. My tail is my head. You are in the middle. What am I?
2. There was butter on the table. You came out and I went in. Then what did I become?
3. Where is tea in a hotel?

- Zubair Islam Alam(13), Cuttack

## THE IDENTITY PICK



Two squares are similar. Which are they?

- N. K. D. Patnaik, Korukonda, Visakhapatnam

- RIDDLES :**
1. Henencyclopaedia
  2. Milkshake
  3. Trunks
  4. Hatrick
  5. Cockroach
- PUZZLES :**
1. Church
  2. Bitter
  3. In the middle
  4. Identity Pick : B and G
  5. Cockroach

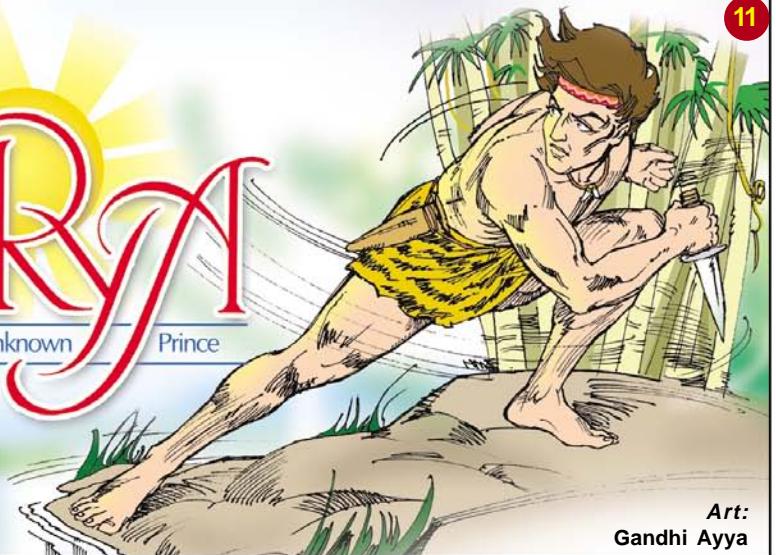
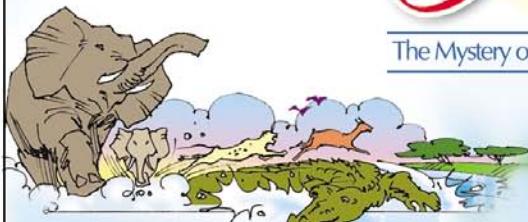
**ANSWERS :**

**Vir Singh, the usurper to the Shantipur throne, is disappointed. His plan to attack Amritpur failed when sudden floods in Nandini took away many of his men and weapons. The army has to get more weapons. Vir Singh plans to collect rice from landlords and exchange the rice for weapons from Chandragiri. People resent and waylay the sepoys and retrieve the rice taken away by force.**

11

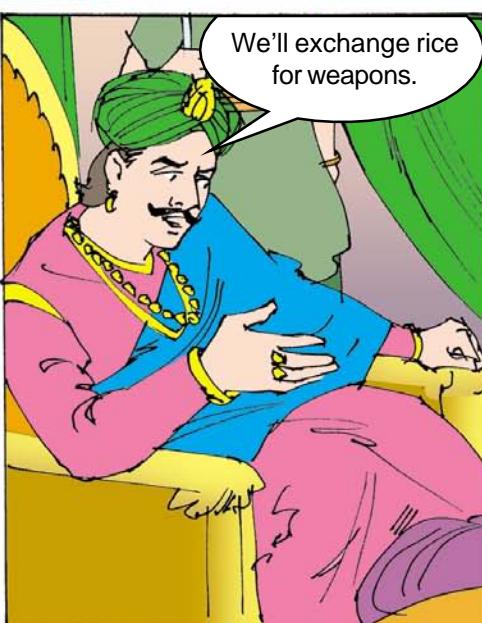
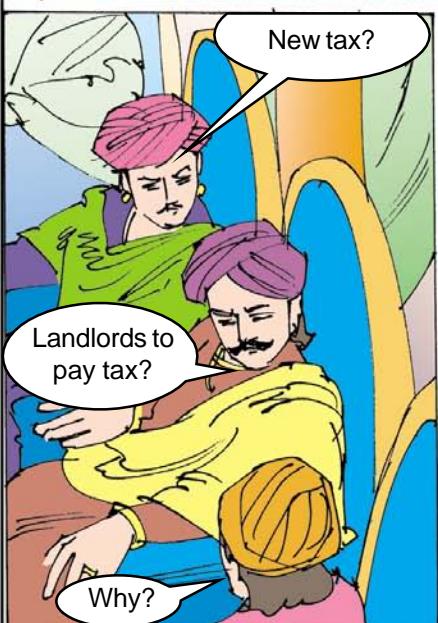
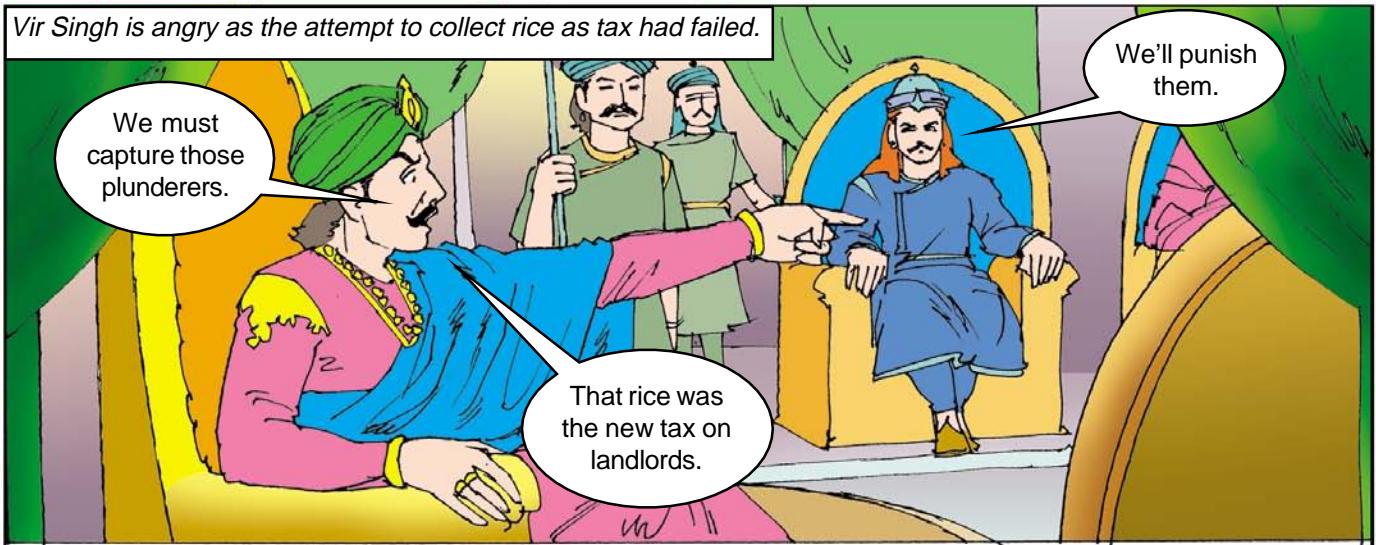
# ARYA

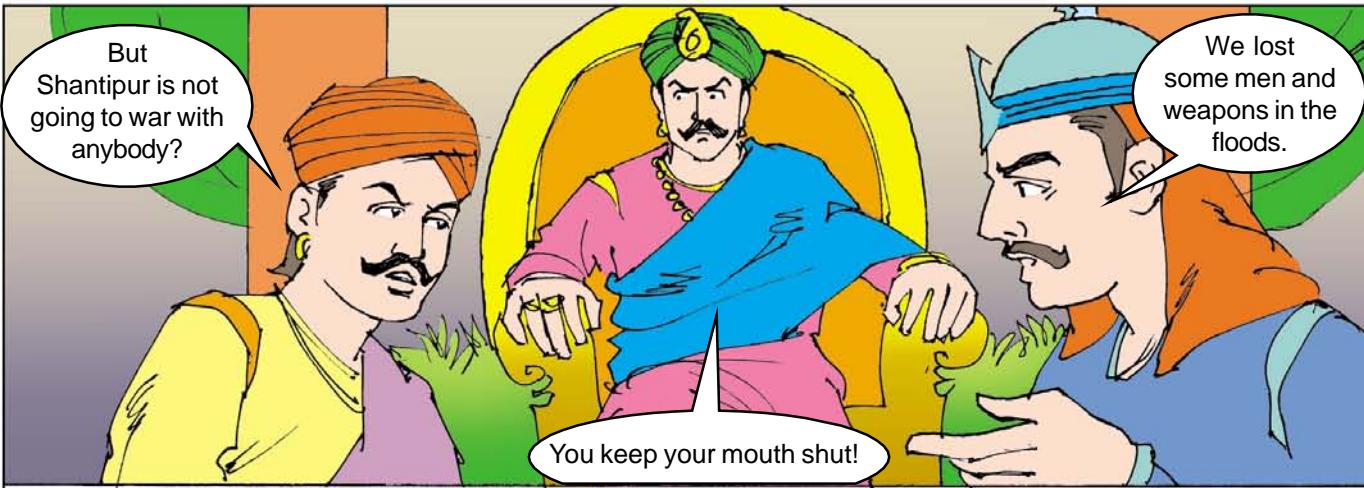
The Mystery of the Unknown Prince



Art:  
Gandhi Ayya

*Vir Singh is angry as the attempt to collect rice as tax had failed.*





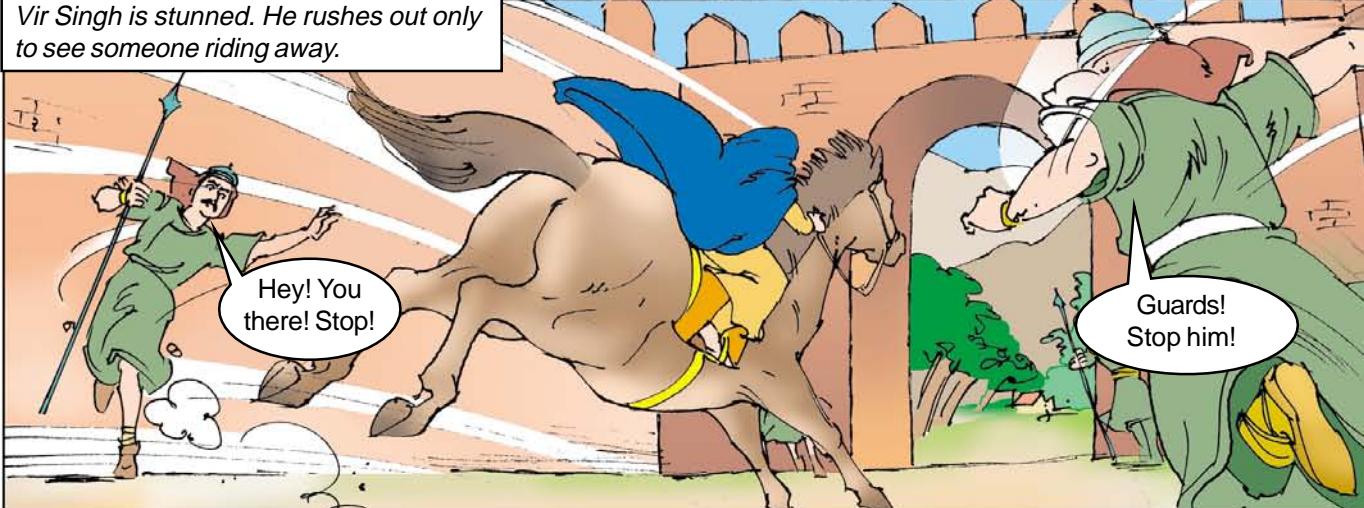
Suddenly an arrow comes through a window, hits the wall, and falls down.  
Apparently it is carrying a message.



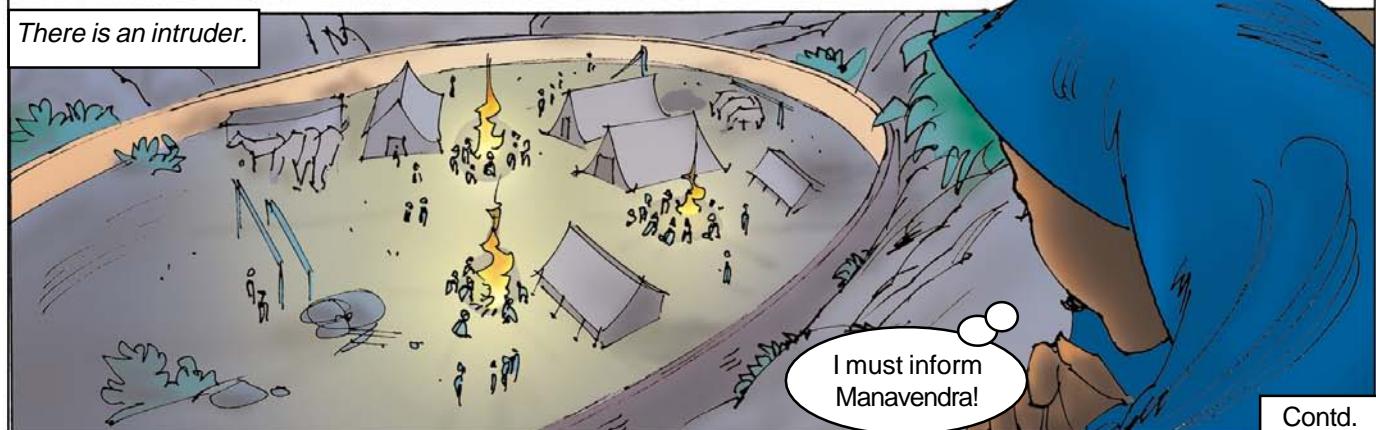
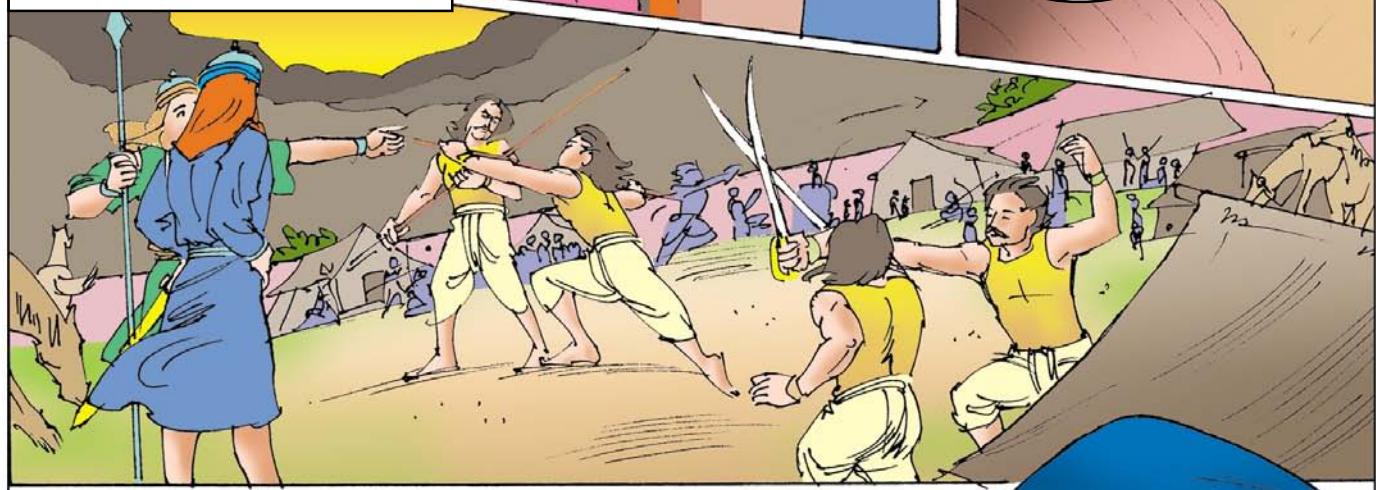
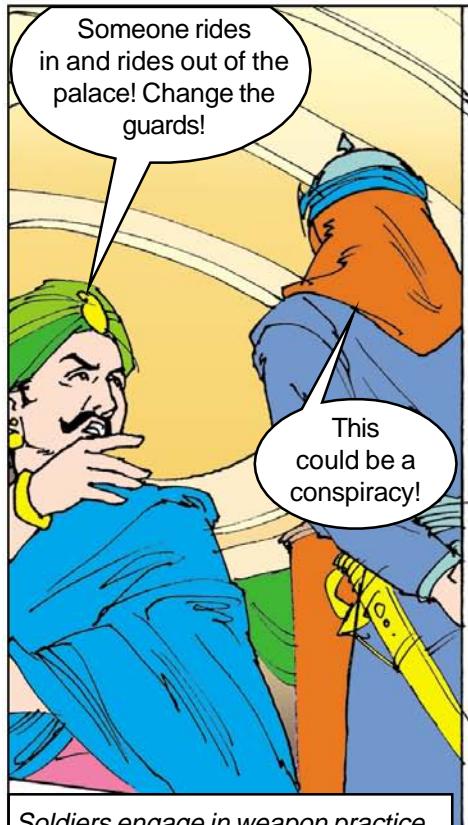
Vir Singh stops Amar Singh  
from picking up the arrow.



Vir Singh is stunned. He rushes out only  
to see someone riding away.









## Be Yourself

**O**ne fine morning, in a forest a baby eagle emerged from its egg. He was a cute and healthy chick. His proud mother named him Fastflyer and guarded him and provided him with food till he was strong enough to fly.

Soon enough, it was time to start the first flying lesson. The mother lovingly guided Fastflyer out into the open and began to teach him to fly. After the first few initial setbacks, Fastflyer was soon on his wings.

After this, the mother decided to teach him to hunt for food. As you all know, eagles hunt and feed on lizards, mice, rabbits, snakes and other small animals and birds. So, she instructed Fastflyer to follow her closely and soared high into the sky. Fastflyer, who was keenly watching his mother, was truly impressed and wanted to repeat his mother's feat.

But just then he spied, on the ground below, a cheetah chasing a deer. The cheetah, being the fastest land animal, within seconds had pounced on the deer and brought it down with one powerful blow. Fastflyer watched the cheetah's enormous strength and speed in silent

fascination. Immediately, he made up his mind to learn to hunt like the cheetah. He did not want to be Fastflyer any more. He wanted to be Fastrunner. He bid a hasty goodbye to his stunned mother and began to follow the cheetah, instead.

For several days, Fastflyer flew just above the cheetah, watching it closely. In a week's time, he felt confident that now, he too, could hunt like the cheetah. So, he chose a fat wild pig to test his hunting prowess on it. He got on to his legs and, with all the energy he could summon, charged at it from behind. But, alas he tripped and fell face forward. But not one to give up easily, he kept on repeating his effort, with the same pathetic results each time. The wild pig was thoroughly enjoying himself and hence, was in no big hurry to move away from there. Very soon there was a big crowd of amused animals watching this live cartoon show.

At the end of an hour, the eagle was feeling terribly tired and disheartened. He flew up and perched on a low branch and began whining, 'Oh, what a useless creature I am. I can neither run like a cheetah, nor can I leap like

him. Boo-hoo, I'm a big waste and don't deserve to live.'

Meanwhile his mother, who had been searching for him all along, spotted him sitting on a tree and flew down next to him. She was concerned on seeing her son. Fastflyer related all that had passed, sobbing and cursing himself all the while. His mother heard him through silently. She had to teach him a proper lesson, she decided.

Just then, she saw the cheetah, giving chase to a rabbit. She at once swooped down and right in front of the cheetah's startled eyes picked it up in its mighty talons and rose into the sky. Fastflyer was dumb-stuck in amazement at what had happened and in awe followed his mother quietly to their nest.

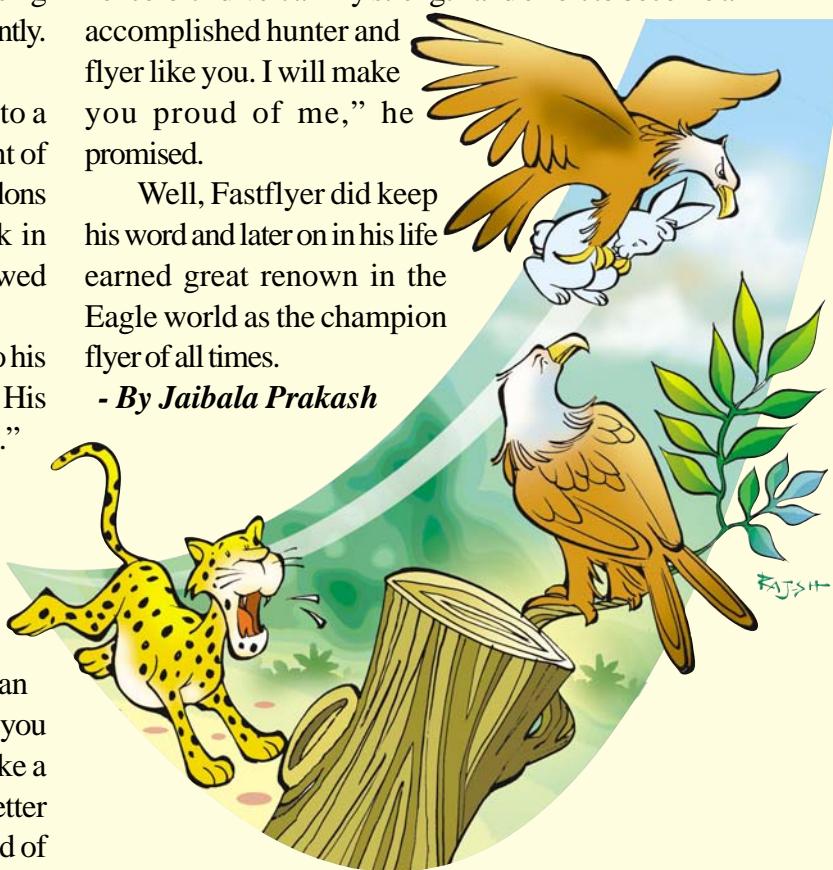
After reaching their nest, he gushed with pride to his mother, "Wow, you outwitted the cheetah himself." His mother laughed and said, "So can you with practice." Fastflyer looked up at his mother, confused. She stroked his head lovingly with her beak and explained, "God has given each of us a special talent or skill, which will aid us to find success in life. We have only to discover what that unique gift is and then constantly practise till we excel in it. You are an eagle and God has given you powerful wings so that you can fly. But, instead of flying, you wanted to run like a cheetah for which we are not at all equipped. It is better to be oneself and excel in our god-given gift, instead of

trying to copy others and end up making a fool of ourselves."

Fastflyer bowed his head in shame as he realized his folly. "Sorry, mother, I've realized my mistake. I will henceforth divert all my strength and effort to become an accomplished hunter and flyer like you. I will make you proud of me," he promised.

Well, Fastflyer did keep his word and later on in his life earned great renown in the Eagle world as the champion flyer of all times.

- By Jaibala Prakash



## Rekha's mischievousness

Five year old Rekha, was afraid of the dark. One night her mother told her to go to the back porch and bring her the broom. The little girl turned to her mother.

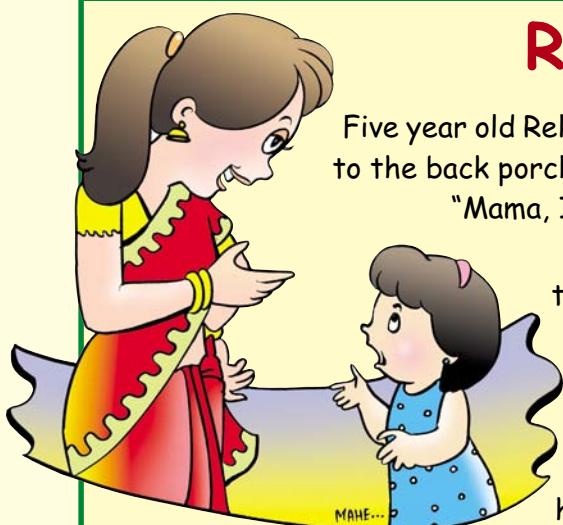
"Mama, I don't want to go out there. It's dark."

The mother smiled reassuringly at her daughter. "You don't have to be afraid of the dark," she explained. "Lord Ganesha is out there. He'll look after you and protect you."

Rekha looked at her mother real hard and asked, "Are you sure he's out there?"

"Yes, I'm sure. He is everywhere, and he is always ready to help you and the needy when we need him," she said.

Rekha thought about that for a minute and then went to the back door and cracked it a little. Peering out into the darkness, she called, "Ganesha? If you're out there, would you please hand me the broom?"



**Reader H.N. Sreedhara of Domlur, Bangalore, writes:**

I am reading Chandamama for the past 35 years. I am really astonished how you find stories for the Vikram-Vetala series. In fact, I have not seen a single story repeated all these years.

I have a feeling your Vetala must be having thousands of stories in his mind! Every month my daughter Gagana and I have a fight over who will read Vikram-Vetala first. The stories give both of us a lot of joy. My wife is no exception.

Please give more stories from mythology. I feel proud that I am a member of the Chandamama family.



**This came from Hemantha Jena of Aska, Orissa:**

Words cannot describe how good a magazine Chandamama is. It is a gem of a magazine for the English-learners. I started reading it three years ago, and now it has become a part of my life. I desperately wait for the "next" issues. The new format and look is more attractive. Keep up the good work.

**Reader B.Govind writes from Mumbai:**

The February issue of **Chandamama** was excellent. I wish to congratulate your artist for such wonderful drawings on the cover.

Please revive Ruskin Bond's stories. They are a real treat. I miss them very much.

## Disputes can be buried!

**What is the origin of the expression 'to bury the hatchet'? asks reader C.Manohar Rau of Secunderabad.**

Time was when the new settlers from Europe were setting up colonies in America. Often they met with resistance from the native Americans, whose main weapon was the hatchet—a kind of axe. When a long confrontation was followed by peace efforts, the natives showed their willingness to co-exist with the colonists by burying a couple of hatchets. The expression thus means, a resolution to settle differences between two opposing parties.

**Reader Lalita Sastri of Ranchi wants to know the origin and meaning of 'riding a high horse'.**

The correct expression is "to be on one's high

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BETTER  
ENGLISH

horse". In olden days in England, men of nobility rode tall horses. A person's rank in society could be guessed from the size of the horse he or she rode. The horses were usually much taller than the horses ridden by the common people. Tall horses, naturally, came to be equated with a superior status in society. Anyone riding a high horse might show some arrogance and pride as if he is morally superior to others! He may also treat others with some contempt.

**What is 'oxymoron'? This query comes from Bhanu Pratap of Raigarh.**

Oxymoron is a figure of speech. It is a phrase in which two words contradictory in meaning are used together. Perhaps a 'necessary evil' in language! Some examples are 'a wise fool' (though a fool can also exhibit wisdom sometimes!), 'make haste slowly', and 'bitter sweet' (not a sugar-coated pill, mind you).

# FUN TIMES

1

## Splash them up

Tattu monkey is making fun of the lion. Want to join the fun? Just get your colours and splash them up.

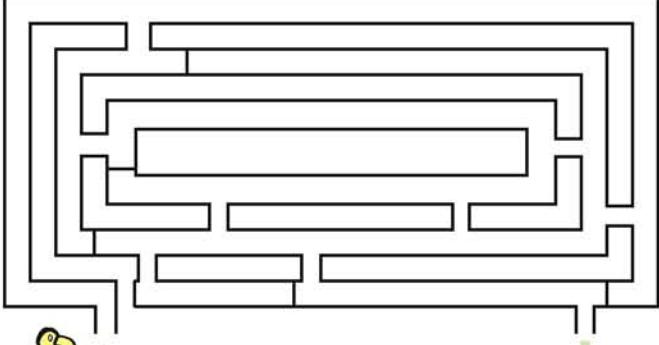


2



## Count them out

A few birds are flying in the sky. Kiki would like to know their number. But he is very weak in arithmetic. Help him to count.



### A-maze-ing

Mother bird is so sad because Chooha the rat has separated her from her baby. Help her to reach her baby's place.

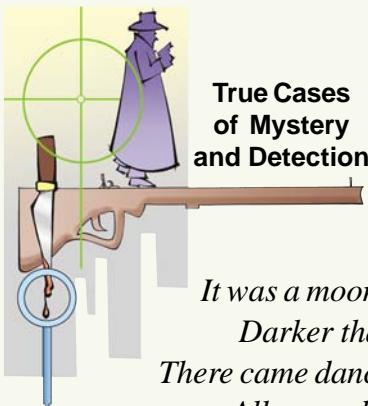


### Find the differences

Here the two pictures are similar with a few differences. Look carefully and find them out.



(Answers on page 64)



*It was a moonless and eerie night,  
Darker than the darkest pit,  
There came dancing a spooky little light.  
All around was aglow and lit.*

**F**or the last hundred years and more, strange lights are often reported to have been seen in a particular region of the United States of America. They have come to be known as Spooklights. The area in which they frequently appear encompasses about a 20 mile sided triangle, from Joplin in Missouri to Columbus in Kansas and to Miami in Oklahoma. The area has aptly been called the Spooksville Triangle.

What are these mysterious lights? From where do they appear?

No one yet knows for sure, but it is certain that they exist and make their presence felt from time to time. Thousands of captivated onlookers are regularly drawn to the place to have a glimpse of the bizarre phenomenon. If they are lucky they encounter the unusual light and return home with a weird feeling.

"It's kind of a legend around here, and it's been

## Still in the dark about the light!

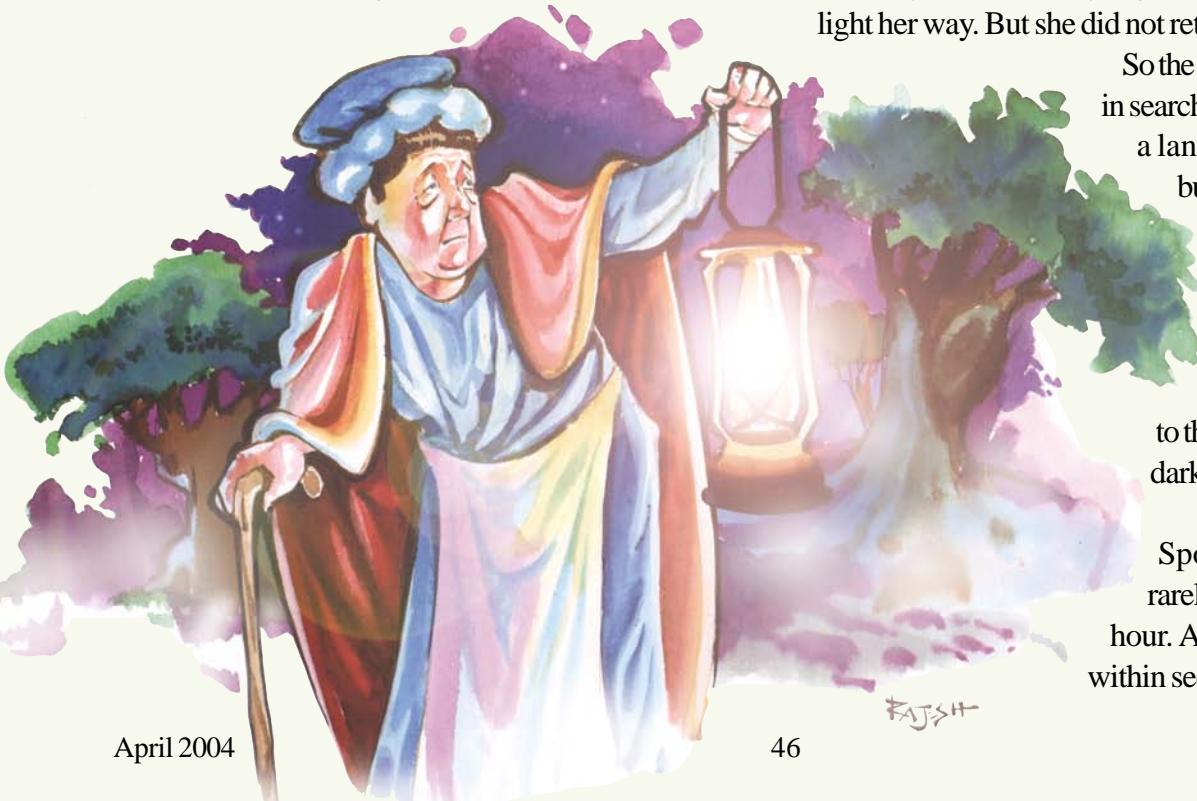
forever that people have gone out to look for it. I've seen it in the distance... but I've seen it," says Suzzane Wilson, a local writer. "What we watch is a conglomeration of light that waxes and wanes, disappears and reappears. Full of surprises, it shimmers, or looks like a necklace of lights or shrinks to mere twinkles. It's far away, but how far?"

When the light first appeared is not exactly known, but tradition says that it was seen as early as the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century. Juanita Kay, a resident of the region, reports in an article published in the 1950s, "... After investigating the place where they had seen the campfires the night before, my mother and father became aware of the light because they found no ashes where the fiery lights had appeared. This was way back in the 1800s."

But the bizarre light has been around long enough to weave a host of myths and legends. One such tale that the Spooklight is in fact the lantern of a woman in search of her daughter who went missing. The story goes that the old lady sent her daughter to gather the cows that had strayed in the heavy fog. The girl carried a lantern to light her way. But she did not return home.

So the anxious mother went out in search of her. Night after night a lantern in hand, she went, but alas all her efforts were in vain. Finally she became mad with grief. When the woman died, her spirit is said to have returned to the hills and walk there on dark foggy nights.

Whenever the Spooklight is spotted, it rarely lasts more than half an hour. At times it even vanishes within seconds of its appearance.



Some such lights have the habit of showing up at the same time and place night after night. They are usually blue, red or golden in colour. But sometimes they might appear as multiple lights in combination of yellow, orange, green and blue. At close encounters people have described them as spherical or diamond shaped, resembling a lantern light.

If ever you are passing through the Spooksville Triangle one dark starry night, don't be surprised if you bump into one of these nocturnal visitors. It might just float past you, then suddenly split and shoot off in different directions. You may see it come back again swishing through the woods, hovering over the fields and dancing across the road and run straight at you.

Then it might disappear and reappear to playfully sneak behind you and perch just above your shoulder. Don't be afraid, for there are no accounts till date of this mysterious light ever harming anyone.

It so happened that one dark summer night, early in the year 1960, Chester McMinn, a farmer, was working well beyond sundown in his field near Quapaw in Oklahoma. Suddenly he saw a shimmering blue light through the pines on the far edge of the woods. As he looked on, to his amazement the strange light began to dance, swirl and twirl and slowly approached him getting brighter and brighter.

The farmer became nervous. Before long the ghostly light was well above his head. The entire field was lit up with the unnatural glow. Chester McMinn took some courage and continued to plough his field with the help of the strange illumination. He later recollects, "I couldn't



see too well, and I guess the old light sensed it, because he started hovering all over the field where I was plowing."

But the queer glow changed its mood. It suddenly began to move rhythmically with grainy fingers of light slowly clawing their way towards the good man. The farmer turned to stone in fright. Fortunately, the spooky old light retreated and just melted away.

Sometime in 1979, Sterling Barnett, a teenager living near Missouri was working in the barn one evening. Suddenly, the barn was filled with light. At first he thought his father had come with a flashlight. Barnett recounts, "But I turned around, and there it was big as life, right there in the door. It gave me quite a start. I was probably about 15 ft from it. It illuminated enough that I could see pretty good. It stayed there for 15 or 20 seconds, and then it went out."

Ralph Bilke living in the same area recollects that his grandfather, Lloyd Bilke, told him once about his encounter with the

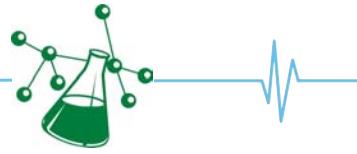
Spooklight. It was sometime in 1910. "It was so bright, I could count the buttons on your granny's dress," said the good old man.

Scientists and observers have all been baffled by these elusive lights. Many theories have been offered to explain their presence. But none has provided any satisfactory answer.

Suzzane Wilson feels that, "It's better to have that capricious glow remain everyone's mystery, promising delight, amusement and a few chills to generations to come."

*Glowing in the cold dark night,  
This good little gentle light  
Suddenly appears from nowhere  
Then vanishes into thin air.*

What can it be?



## UFO

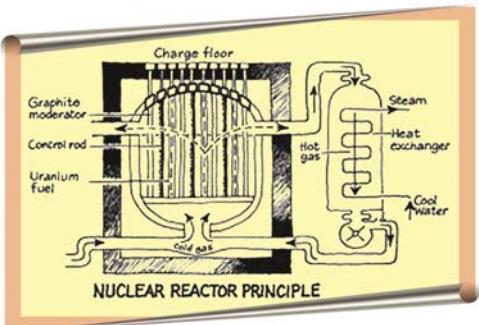
An ‘Unidentified Flying Object’ (UFO) is the sighting of an object or light seen in the sky or on land, whose appearance, trajectory, actions, motions, lights, and colours do not have a logical or natural explanation, and which cannot be explained even by scientists or technical experts who try to make a commonsense identification after examining the evidence.

UFOs come in all sizes and shapes. The most commonly reported sightings are those of small spots of light that move in strange patterns across the night sky. Witnesses have reported seeing UFOs shaped like saucers, boomerangs, spheres, diamonds, triangles, or other strange shapes, flashing bright lights in various colours.

UFOs appear to be remarkably manoeuvrable, possessing the ability to accelerate rapidly to great speeds. UFOs have appeared throughout history, but public interest in the subject was aroused in 1947 when an American pilot reported seeing nine ‘flying saucers’ in the sky. Numerous sightings have since been reported by reliable observers. There has been much popular and scientific debate about the existence of UFOs.

## Uranium

Uranium is a very heavy (dense) metal, which can be used as an abundant source of concentrated energy. Its discovery is commonly credited to Martin H. Klaproth, a German chemist who, in 1789, while experimenting with pitchblende, concluded that it contained a new element. He named this after the planet Uranus, which had been discovered just eight years earlier.



However, the substance he had identified was not pure uranium but an oxide. Eugene M. Péligot isolated the element in 1841. Its radioactive property was discovered by French chemist Henri Becquerel in 1896. Before the discovery of nuclear fission by Otto Hahn and Fritz Strassmann in 1939, the principal use of uranium (as oxides) was in pigments, ceramic glazes, and a yellow-green fluorescent glass and as a source of radium for medical purposes. It has also been added to steels to increase their strength and toughness. However, with the discovery of its use as nuclear fuel, it is used only for this purpose at present. Its atomic number is 92, and its melting point is 1132°C.



# Urea

Urea is a nitrogen-containing waste produced when protein in the body is broken down. The conversion from protein to urea takes place in the intestines and liver.

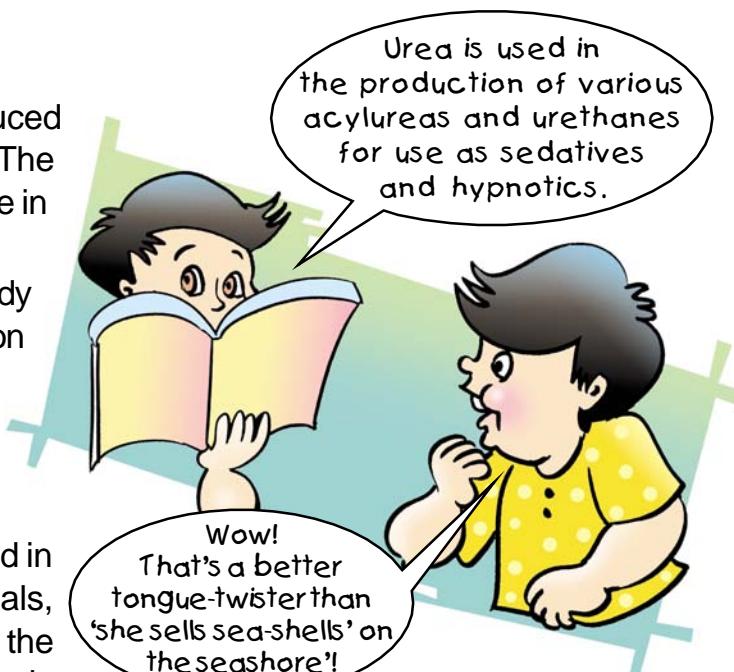
The kidneys then eliminate urea from the body in the form of urine. Urea is the most common waste material in human urine, and 6 to 18 grams of urea is collected in the urinary bladder during a 24-hour period. It was first identified by H. M. Rouelle in 1773.

The first organic compound to be produced in a laboratory from inorganic starting materials, it was synthesised by Friedrich Woehler in the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. This organic synthesis demolished a widespread theory named 'Vitalism' which held that organic chemicals could not be produced without the agency of a vital force present in living organisms.



By 1870, urea was produced by heating ammonium carbamate in a sealed vessel, providing the basis of the current industrial process for its production.

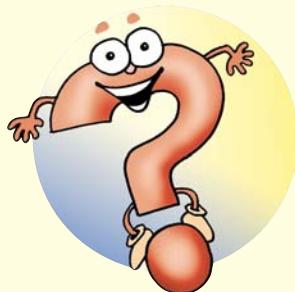
Today, it is produced commercially by the dehydration of ammonium carbamate at elevated temperature and pressure in a high-pressure reactor. It is used in the production of sedatives, adhesives, laminates and textile finishes and is also used as a fertiliser. - *By Rajee Raman*



## Activity

*Test your knowledge of science by taking a shot at the following questions.  
(Hint - the answers all begin with 'U')*

1. Name the American chemist who won the Nobel Prize for Chemistry in 1934 for isolating heavy hydrogen.
2. Which is the seventh planet from the sun?
3. Name the constellation representing the Larger Bear.
4. What is the darkest portion of a shadow called?



1. Dr. Harold Clayton Urey
2. Uranus
3. Ursa Major
4. The Umbra

*Answers:*

Man is distinguished from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter.  
- Joseph Addison



**Customer :** Waiter, I got only one piece of meat.  
**Waiter :** Just a moment, Sir. I'll cut it into two or three pieces.

ଓଟେଲେ

**Teacher:** Why do we sometimes call the Middle Ages the Dark Ages?  
**Bunty:** Because they had so many knights.



# Laugh till you drop!

**Rakesh:** Mummy, how much am I worth to you?

**Mother:** Why, you're worth more than a million to me, dear.



**Rakesh:** Well, could you advance me twenty-five thousand?

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**Rohan:** I see, it's a cheque for hundred thousand.

**Mohan:** Yes, I'm sending it to my sister for her birthday.

**Rohan :** But you haven't signed it.

**Mohan:** No, I don't want her to know who sent it.

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A man was driving down a one-way street the wrong way and was stopped by a policeman.



'This is a one-way street.'

'I know,' said the motorist,  
I'm only going in one way.'

## Dushtu Dattu

Dattu and his parents are going away on a long summer holiday.



# The nip in the cut

I thank my stars wherever they are in the sky. That reminds me. Has anyone taken a census of stars? Maybe, they are too many to be counted. But I know for certain that there are enough and more to spare. So each one of us can claim a few stars as our own. That is what I do now.

I am grateful to my stars for leading me to reading and thence to a bright idea. I chuckle to myself, close the book. (Do you know that a book unopened is no better than a brick? How do I know! Well, that is a quote I read, sometime back). I put back the book in the shelf and turn the idea around, once again, to assure myself that it would work. That cheers me up.

I need to help the idea take shape. I need to make some preparations to develop the idea into a practical plan. I get ready for the act.

From the cupboard, I take out an old and faded jeans whose edges are frayed. A few lose strands deck the frayed edges. I have not worn it for ages! It had fallen from grace, some time back. I had then told myself that I shall never go anywhere near it, what to talk of wearing it. But today, it gets back my favour. I think it is the ideal dress for me when I go ahead to give wings to the idea that is taking shape in my mind.

Before I get into the jeans, I run to Ma. She is busy kneading flour. Her fingers and hands are smeared with dough. A bit of the dough has got on to the tip of her nose. That makes her look like a clown in the circus, so I laugh.

"What's the matter with you?" Ma lifts her head off the plate of dough and gives me a stern stare.

"One minute, Ma." I go and fetch a hand mirror and hold it in front of her. She instantly dusts off the flour on her nose.

"Dust on the nose is all that stands between a clown and us," I tell her.

"You and your quips!" she gently pats me.

"Ma, I shall be going out for some time," I tell her.

"Where? Tell me," she asks.

"To meet my friend, Saran. I shall be back in about two hours," I tell her.

"Don't be late," she says, while her fingers go back working on the dough.

"I won't, Ma," I run back, stop for a minute in front of the sewing machine that stands at one end of the corridor, quickly pick up a pair of scissors and head for my room.

I take off the pants I am wearing, slip into the jaded jeans. The mirror at the far end of the room reflects my image. It reminds me of an urchin. What would mother say if she sees me in this dress! I am sure she won't be pleased. But I find it just right for the plan I have in mind. Even Ma would understand once I tell her why I am wearing the jaded jeans.

Into the right front pocket of the jeans goes the pair of scissors. The pocket is not deep enough to take the scissors in full. A portion of the scissors stands out. That makes my movements a little gawky. The scissors pricks me every time I take a long stride. That does not upset me. I



look upon myself as a boy with a mission. Those who go out on missions, I tell myself, have to be ready to put up with inconveniences. Life is not a bed of roses. For one who undertakes a risky mission, it turns into a bed of thorns. That thought brings a wee little smile to my lips.

I learn, almost instantly, how to take short steps that shall deny the scissors the opportunity to poke me where it hurts. I roll up a clean pair of trousers, in a newspaper, and tuck it under my armpit.

Now I am ready for my mission. I call out to Ma, tell her I am on my way out, and make for the gate.

I hear her response across the corridor, "Be back in two hours."

That is Ma. She has this habit of repeating her instructions. Am I that deaf that she has to repeat instructions? I have told her several times that she should not repeat herself. But she never understands. That, I remember, with some amusement, is her weakness. Who doesn't have some weakness or the other!

The gate squeaks when I draw it aside. I hear the message all right. The gate says, "Oil my hinges." I will do that, first thing on my return, I tell myself, and close it behind me, put the latch in place and head for Saran's house that is about a half a kilometre away. A tune fills my head, and I start humming it. I hum all the way to his house.

"Saran!" I call out loudly, when I spot him standing at the porch of his house.

"Ah! Ranga!" he greets me with joy.

His eyes zero in on my faded jeans. "What has got

into you? Lost all dress sense! A stranger will think you are an urchin," he surveys me from head to foot.

"Can't a boy be an urchin, for some time?" I ask.

"Go and tell that to the elders," Saran barks back.

"Why tell them? Once in a way, we have to be on our own. Now is the time. Listen, I'm sure you have a frayed, faded jeans or pants. Wear that. We shall roam

the bazaar, fool people, and make them assume we're urchins." I lure him with the bait, but I am careful not to reveal the grand idea that is at the back of my mind.

"You said it. Just once in a way, we've to be on our own.

One minute! I shall tell Mother that I'm going out with you, change into an old and worn-out pair of jeans. Then we shall head for the bazaar," he sounds agog with excitement.

"Hi, take along a pair of pants that are presentable. When we return, you may run into your Ma. And she may start scolding you for moving out in tatters," I tell him.

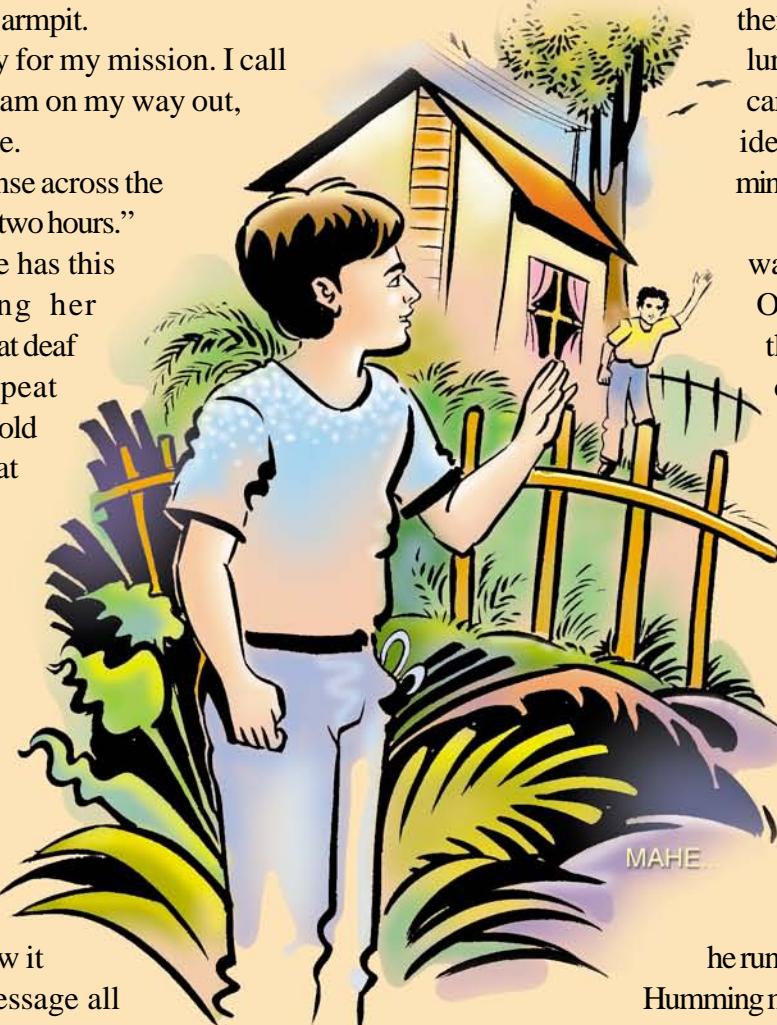
I stand and watch while he runs in. I start humming the tune.

Humming makes time fly. Does humming give wings to time? Who knows? Some day, when I've time, I shall seek the answer.

"Day dreaming?" Saran is right by my side.

I shake myself free of the thought. One look at his pants confirms that he could not have made a better choice. "That's worse than the one I'm wearing," I start moving with Saran by my side.

We run along the pavement. A pebble lies at my feet. I kick it with the tip of my shoe. It flies up, moves in an arc and lands on one side with a thud.



Soon we reach the market place. The road that cuts through the bazaar is cluttered with handcarts and pushcarts and cycles and scooters. A cab that gets swamped in the traffic inches its way, at snail's pace. The pavements brim with people.

"Saran," I get ready to execute my grand plan.

"Yes, Ranga," he coos.

"I've a bright idea. Call it a challenge." I pause.

"I'm always ready for challenges," Saran puffs with confidence.

"I know, Saran. That's why I spoke of it," I deliberately hesitate.

"Out with it," Saran is apparently losing patience.

I like that. I want him to get impatient. Reading has given me the tip, "One who is impatient acts in haste and repents at leisure." I want Saran to act in haste.

"Listen. Will you run through the bazaar, after slicing the pants in two and wearing only one of the halves."

"Hi! Have you gone crazy? Will you do that?"

"I will. But I have doubts about your readiness to do that. You may shy away at the last moment," I give him enough reason to lose his cool.

"You promise you will do it, once I do it?" Saran demands a quick reply.

"I promise."



"Ah, but how do I slice the pants in two?" he sees a problem.

"Don't worry. When I set out from home, my mother asked me to take the scissors along. She wanted me to get the scissors sharpened. So I have it here," I tell that fib while handing the scissors to him.

"We're lucky to have it around," Saran moves behind a pile of crates. He hands over the packet that holds his change of dress, quickly gets the jeans off, slices it *vertically*, wears one of the halves, holds that in place with the belt, comes on to the pavement and runs through the bazaar. Several eyes gaze at him.

I hear an old man tell a shopkeeper, "That boy has turned mad!" The shopkeeper growls, "He must be an urchin, playing some dirty trick. These urchins give a bad name to our bazaar. They keep our clients away."

Saran makes a round and returns. Then he throws off the sliced portion of the jeans, changes into the clean pair of pants, after going behind the pile of crates.

"Now it is your turn," he winks at me.

"I know. Hold this," I hand over to him the roll of paper that contains my pants. I pull the jeans off, use the pair of scissors to slice the jeans *horizontally* just above the knees.

"Hi, is that allowed?" Saran's lower lip droops when he realizes that one can slice a pair of jeans vertically, as he did, or horizontally, as I am doing.

"Did we set any rule on how we should slice the jeans into two?" I ask.

He doesn't reply. Instead he grinds his teeth in anger.

"Take it easy, Saran. Today is . . ." I cut off in the middle of the sentence, leaving it to Saran to fill in the blanks. He then remembers that it is the 1st of April. He knows I have pulled a fast one on him. He gets back at me and rids himself of the pain by calling me, "You clever fool!"

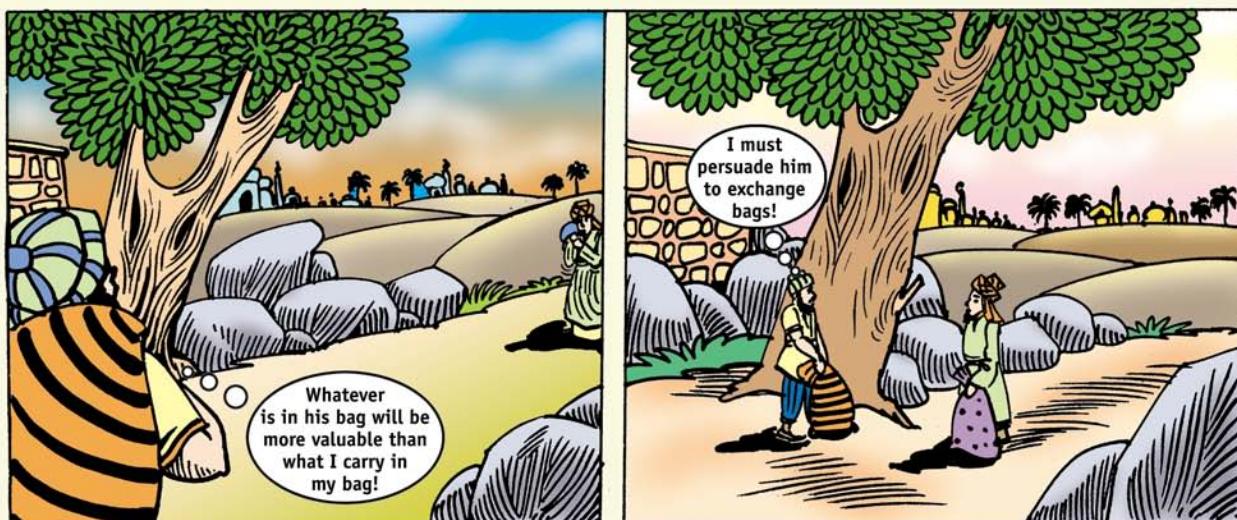
"Can a fool be clever?" I point out the error in tagging the adjective CLEVER with a FOOL.

"I am a fool, Ranga. Pray, tell me, can a friend of a fool be anything other than a fool?" Saran argues.

That tickles me. I start laughing. Saran adds his bit to make the laughter ripple around loudly.

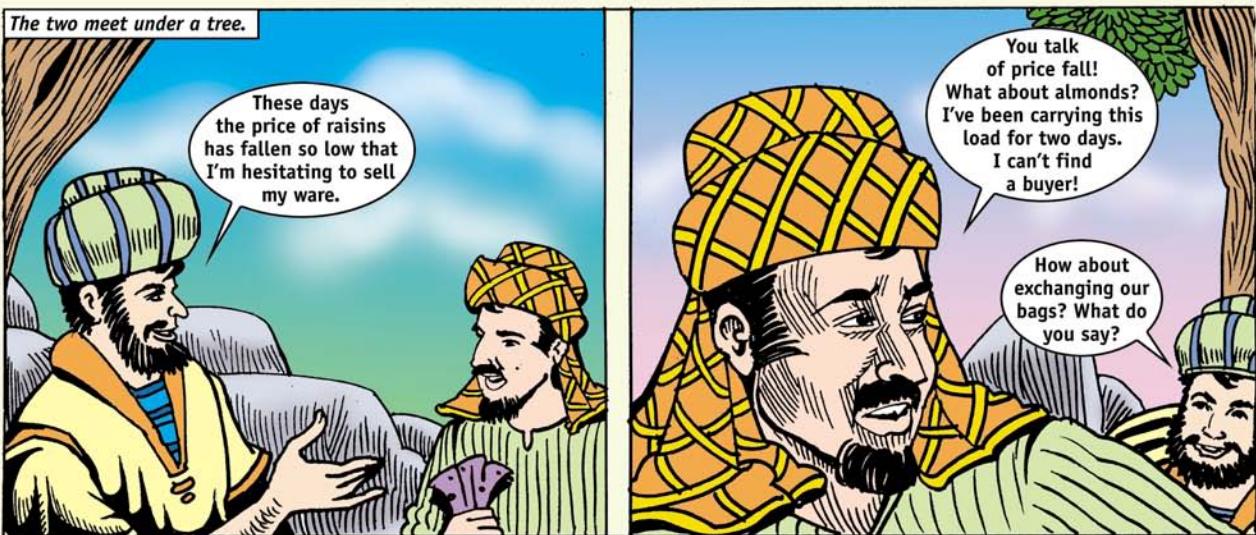
- By R.K. Murthi

# The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match



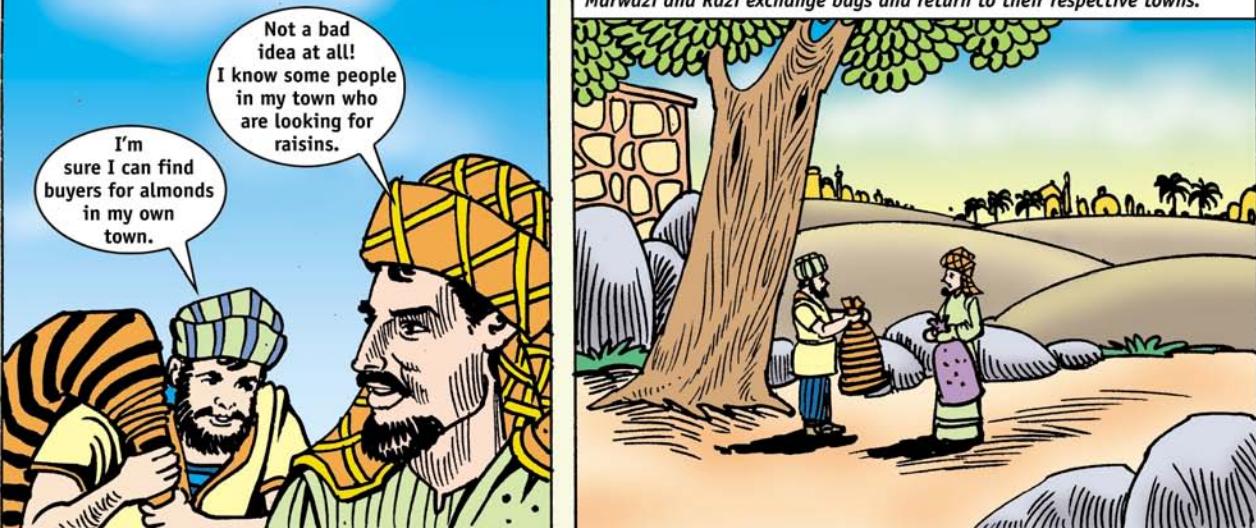
# The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match

The two meet under a tree.



I'm sure I can find buyers for almonds in my own town.  
Not a bad idea at all!  
I know some people in my town who are looking for raisins.

Marwazi and Razi exchange bags and return to their respective towns.



I hope I'm not cheated!

Marwazi opens the bag he took from Razi.

What!  
Dry cowdung?  
And he said almonds!

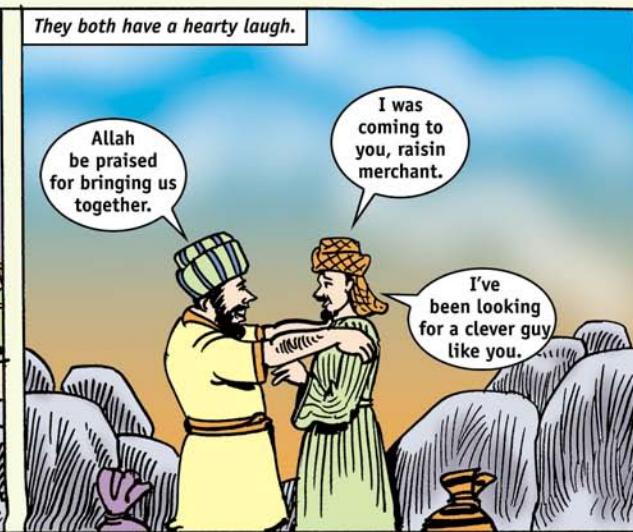


# The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match

Marwazi turns back and runs after Razi who, he sees, is also coming back.



They both have a hearty laugh.



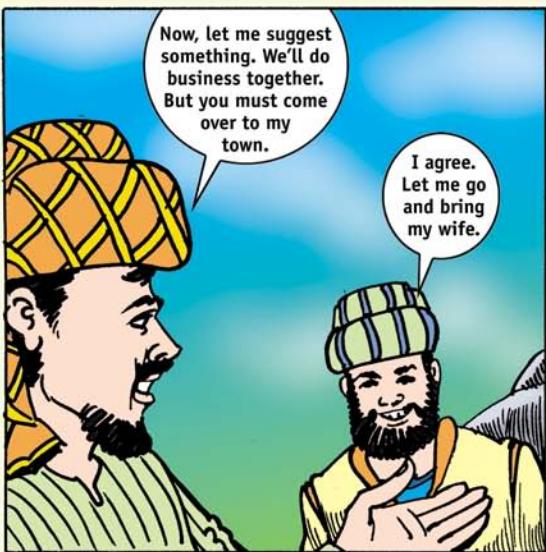
Now, let me suggest something. We'll do business together. But you must come over to my town.

I agree. Let me go and bring my wife.

Marwazi and his wife decide to shift to the neighbouring town.

I'm sure I'll have better business there.

I hope so.



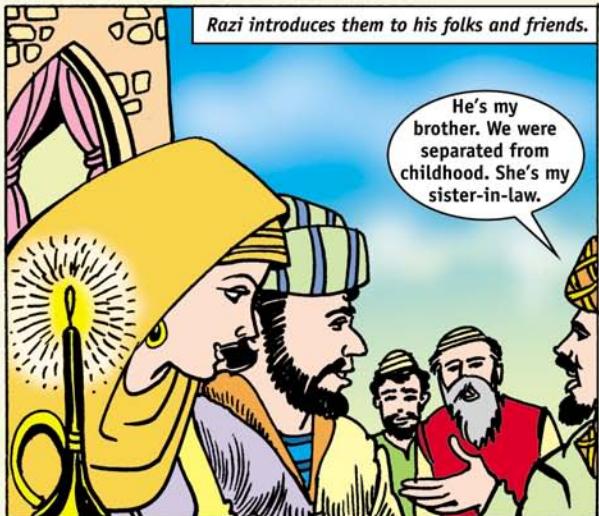
Razi introduces them to his folks and friends.

He's my brother. We were separated from childhood. She's my sister-in-law.

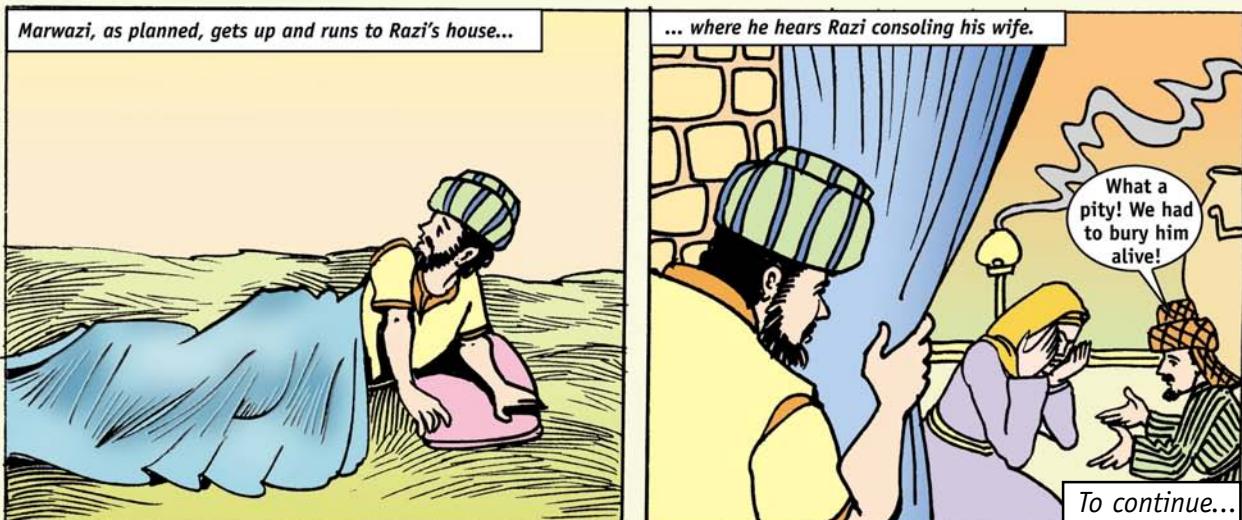
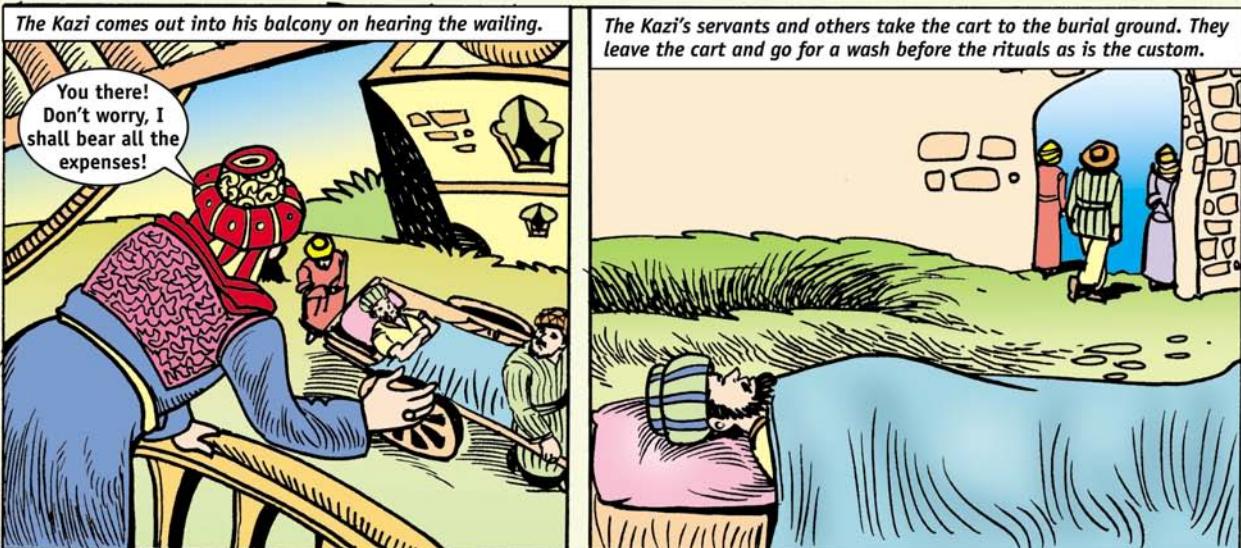
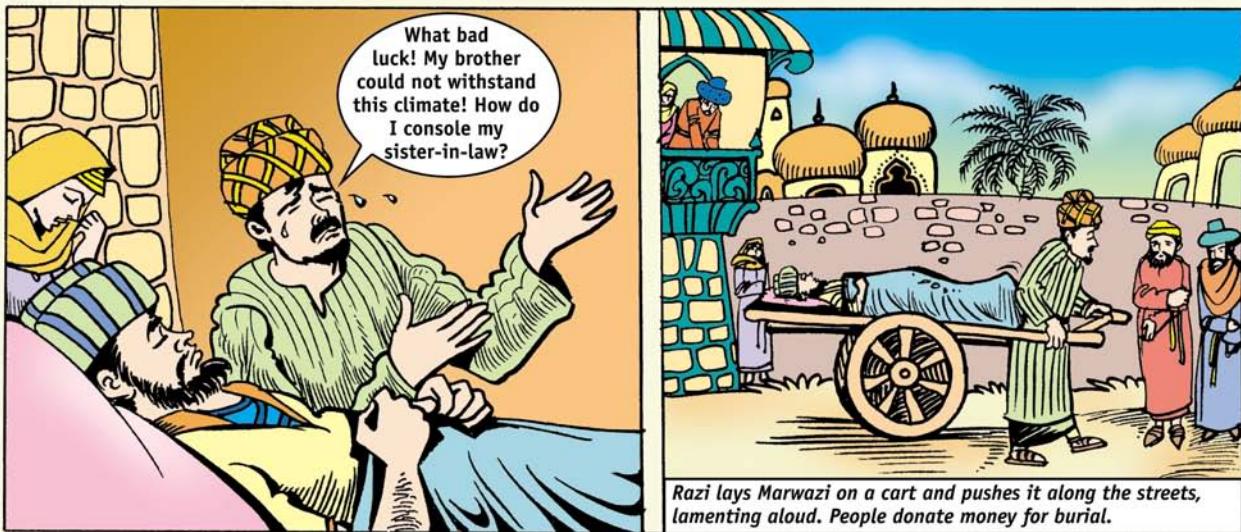
At night the two hatch a plan. Next morning...

He looks almost dead!

Now starts my role.



## The Arabian Nights : Perfect Match



# PUZZLE DAZZLE

## World famous scientists

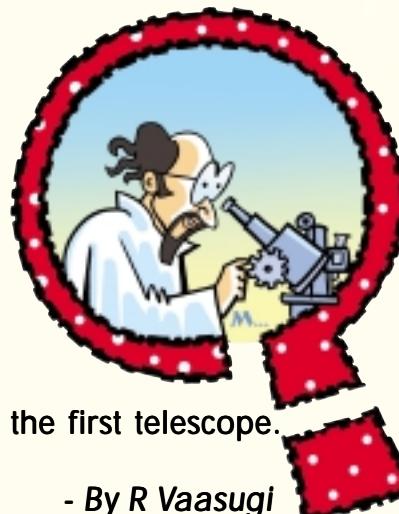
Without inventions and discoveries of a scientific nature, the 21<sup>st</sup> century could not have been a reality. Here are the names of some of the inventors hidden in the grid horizontally, vertically, diagonally and in reverse. Trace them out with the clues below.

F	D	R	I	A	B	I	G	O	L	N	H	O	J
S	V	M	A	D	A	M	E	C	U	R	I	E	S
I	W	E	D	W	A	R	D	J	E	N	N	E	R
S	I	G	Z	C	D	R	O	F	Y	R	N	E	H
A	L	O	B	V	C	N	E	T	P	K	S	Q	M
A	L	B	E	R	T	E	I	N	S	T	E	I	N
C	E	W	L	A	E	I	F	B	J	L	S	M	O
N	C	G	H	M	J	S	A	T	D	N	A	R	E
E	I	K	S	A	K	D	R	K	I	L	L	M	L
W	R	L	G	N	B	E	A	F	L	K	I	J	I
T	R	W	L	E	T	H	D	Y	C	A	M	B	L
O	O	S	C	W	J	K	A	E	U	G	A	M	A
N	T	G	P	M	F	Q	Y	J	E	N	L	P	G
E	N	R	I	C	O	F	E	R	M	I	I	R	T

- He is known as the father of electro-magnetic induction.
- He is called the father of nuclear physics.
- Discoverer of smallpox vaccination.
- Inventor of the barometer.
- He is nick-named 'Godfather of Birds.'
- He proved Aristotle's statement wrong; he also fabricated the first telescope.
- He made the first motor car.

(Answer on page ...64)

- By R Vaasugi



# **READ AND REACT**

## **A NOVEL CONTEST FOR READERS**

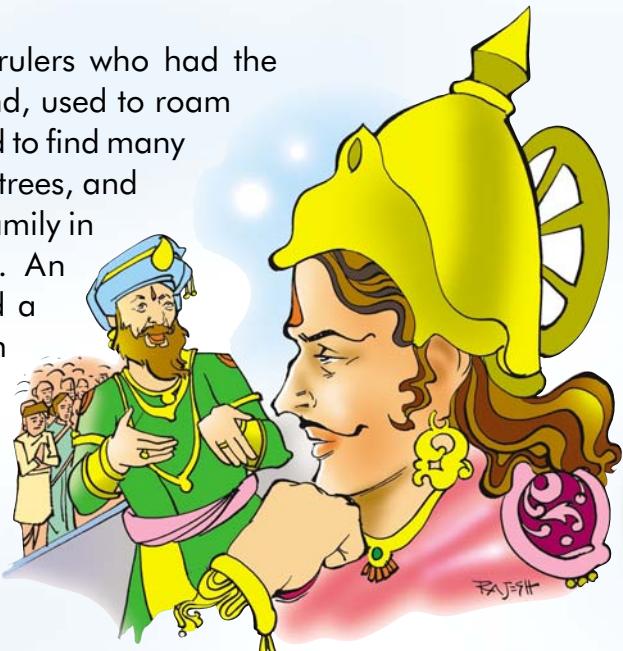
**Cash prize of Rs. 250 for the best entry**

### **Read the story below:**

The King of Vijayapuri, like many other rulers who had the welfare of their subjects at the top of their mind, used to roam the kingdom at night incognito. He was shocked to find many people sleeping on pavements, beneath huge trees, and on the portico of houses. He decided that no family in his kingdom should be without a house. An announcement was made: those who wanted a house should assemble at the palace on a certain day.

On that day, thousands of people gathered at the palace. The king was distressed. He did not have the resources to build houses for all of them.

On seeing the king's distress, his wise minister thought of a solution.



Now, imagine what the minister would have told the aspirants of a house.

- ◆ Did he ask them to contribute money?
- ◆ Were they asked to join the labour to build houses?
- ◆ If it was not money or labour, what else would he have suggested?

Write your reaction in 100-150 words and give a suitable title to the story. Send your entry along with the coupon below in an envelope marked "Read and React".

**CLOSING DATE : April 30, 2004**

Name ----- Age ----- Date of birth -----

School ----- Class -----

Home address -----

-----

----- Pin code -----

Parent's signature

Participant's signature

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# GLIMPSES OF THE DEVI BHAGAVATAM

**S**age Suta was telling his listeners how sage Vyasa's son Sukadev was resisting his advice to get married. "Take the case of King Janaka, who gathered vast knowledge, while looking after his kingdom. Well, you may pay a visit to Janaka if you promise to return soon," said Vyasa.

"Let it be so," said Sukadev, and he set out on a journey to Mithila. For days together he travelled, taking rest in the ashrams of various rishis. At last, one morning, he stood outside the great wall encircling the city of Mithila. He was tired. He kept sitting leaning against the wall. After some time a royal guard found him out and demanded to know what his mission was. Sukadev kept quiet. The guard told him rather rudely, "Speak out, unless



you are really dumb. Do you wish to enter the city? If so, what is your aim? What do you want?"

"I've travelled a long way to come here. Our ashram is situated beyond the first range of the Himalayan hills. People undertake travel either for profit or for pleasure or for fame. I've no inclination to gain any of these. All I want is to meet King Janaka. If you ask me to go back, I shall do so, taking my trouble to be the consequence of my Karma," said Sukadev.

The guard realised that the visitor was a sage. "Pardon my audacity, O sage, I welcome you into our city."

"You haven't been audacious at all. You've only done your duty," said Sukadev, as he followed the guard.

Before long he was identified by one of the ministers of the king. He was a man of insight. He talked to Sukadev and was deeply impressed by the young sage. He arranged for him to stay in one of the guest-houses attached to the palace. He put a number of maids to look after the sage.

Sukadev was provided with all sorts of comforts. The maids sang for him and danced before him. But he was silent most of the time—engrossed in meditation.

In due course King Janaka, accompanied by the royal priest, came to meet Sukadev. He bestowed on the sage several gifts, including a handsome cow. Then he asked him what the purpose of his visit was.

"O King, I've heard from my father that you're a highly enlightened soul. I'm a bit intrigued. How can any one achieve enlightenment while remaining attached to the world? Moreover, you being a king, where's your opportunity for pursuing deep knowledge? Will you please clear my doubt?"

Said Janaka: "O young sage, there is nothing intriguing in the situation. Enlightenment is a state of consciousness.

## 5. SUKADEV MEETS KING JANAKA

Whatever be the outward situation, one can dwell within oneself in peace and poise. It is not easy, but it is possible."

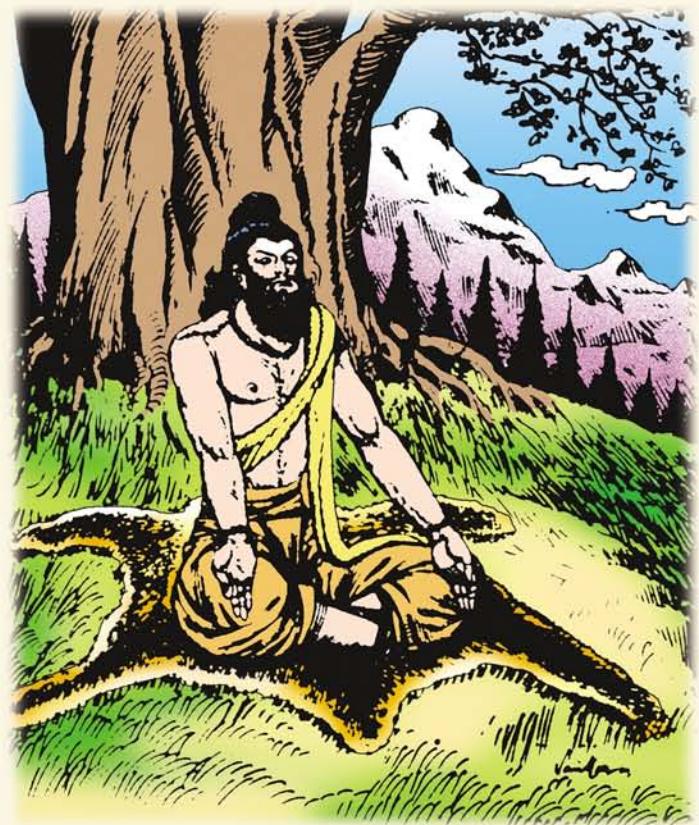
"Do you mean to say that the world gives a greater opportunity for enlightenment?" asked Sukadev.

"In a sense, yes. Even if a seeker wants the Truth, he cannot get rid of his emotions and passions. That is why it is better to satisfy them before taking to the path of asceticism. Of course, while remaining in the world, one must exercise his emotions and passions with restraint and prudence. Only then, when one embraces asceticism, can one win a victory over them without much difficulty. The truth is, any situation can help one towards true liberation or enlightenment. Everything depends on one's goal in life and sincerity in pursuing the goal. I'm a king. But I've no attachment to my power or wealth. Even if everything is lost, I shall remain as calm as ever," explained King Janaka.

In the course of his discussion with Janaka, Sukadev said, "O King, I've listened to you with attention. You have said many valuable things. But I'm not yet free from doubts. One who marries and raises a family will naturally become bound to it. He would always be after worldly pleasures. When he gets them, he remains happy. When he does not get them, he is disappointed. This is how his time passes. How then can he achieve salvation?"

"One who is bound to his family is not destined to achieve salvation. True, but one who is wise is not required to be bound by it. One can remain in the world, but with perfect detachment. One need not necessarily run after the false pleasures offered by life in the world," said Janaka.

"I don't understand how one can remain in the world and in a family, and yet be detached from both. One can claim himself free, but that does not truly make him free. Just as by remembering a lamp, one is not able to remove darkness; so also by simply reading scriptures one does not get salvation. What is needed is *Tapasya*. You're a king. It is quite natural that you would be thinking of your kingdom, its prosperity, your successors, so on and so forth. How then can you become detached? How can you get salvation with such attachments? It is different with me. I don't seek pleasure, I may not be touched by



sorrow; I've no friend, no enemy, no desire for prestige, no humiliation can affect me. I can pursue the path I like," said Sukadev.

King Janaka smiled and asked in a firm voice, "Do you think that one who has no responsibility of any kind, one who gets himself free from all duties, is eligible for salvation? Is it not difficult to remain amidst the objects of attraction and yet be detached to them than to hide oneself from the objects of attraction? Who is stronger, the one who does not care for charming things though they surround him or one who avoids them because one is afraid of them?"

Sukadev kept quiet. For a long time he meditated on Janaka's question. Then he met the king again and thanked him and went back to Vyasa.

"Father! Let your will be done," he said.

Vyasa was pleased. He got Sukadev married to a girl named Peevari. They were blessed with four sons: Gouradev, Devabrata, Vari and Krishna. Their fifth child was a daughter named Keerti.

Keerti married Bivraj. The couple had a son called Brahmadutta.

(To continue)

# A String of World Records



**Mario Mutola**

## Sixth World Title

When 31-year-old **Mario Mutola** of Mozambique won the women's 800m gold medal in Budapest (Hungary) at the World Athletic Championship, it was her sixth indoor world title. This Olympic gold medallist clocked 1 min 58.50 seconds. She surpassed the five world crown record of Cuba's long jumper Ivarne Pedroza.

## Broke world record twice

In the Budapest meet, Russia's **Tatyana Lebedeva** (27) first equalled the world record and then broke it twice in women's triple jump (hop, step and jump). In the mandatory six jumps, she equalled the world record in her very first jump. In her next attempt, she broke the world record by clearing 15.25m; the other competitors were still to take their second jump, when Lebedeva went for a third jump making a new world record distance of 15.36m.

## Reclaims world title

At the Athina 2004 Indoor IAAF Permit Meeting in Athens, **Svetlana Feofanova** (23) reclaimed her world title in indoor pole-vault by jumping 4.85m. A week earlier, Yelena Isinbayeva, also of Russia, had broken the record (4.80m) standing in Feofanova's name, by jumping 4.83m at Donetsk in Ukraine. In Athens, Isinbayeva had to be satisfied with a silver medal with a jump of 4.50m. She holds the outdoor world record of 4.82m.



**Svetlana Feofanova**

## Breaks partner's record

**Kenenisa Bekele** of Ethiopia considers compatriot Haile Gebrselassie his idol ever since he made a world mark of 12 min 50.38 seconds in 5,000m at Birmingham (England) in 1999. In the International Grand Prix Meet in Birmingham this year, Bekele broke that record by clocking 12 min. 49.60 seconds. Incidentally, Gebreselassie is Bekele's training partner.

At the Paris World Championship, Bekele had pushed him to the second place in 10,000 metres.



**Kenenisa Bekele**

## Fastest serve

These days the speed with which one serves in a game of tennis has also become a matter of interest, and there are machines to record the speed. In the Davis Cup played in Uncasville, USA, **Andy Roddick** set a new record by 'whipping' 241.30 km (150 miles) per hour. He was playing against Stefan Koubek of Austria.

Roddick, the US Open Champion, was till then sharing the world record of 149 mph with Greg Rudeski. Roddick had reached that speed when he beat Andre Agassi in 1998. In Uncasville, Roddick reached the new mark in his first serve in the first game against Koubek. Later in the eighth game, he matched the same mark.

# SAVE FUEL

Veena's grandparents had come over for a month's stay. Veena was delighted, as she got along very well with them.

"So how was your vacation, child? Did you have a good time?" asked Grandma fondly, stroking Veena's hair.

"Oh, it was wonderful, Grandma!" said Veena enthusiastically. "I had a great time with Supriya, and learnt cooking! And do you know, Aunt Sudha and Mummy taught me so many ways of saving fuel while cooking!"

"Is that so? Why don't you tell me what you learnt?" asked Grandma, and Veena told her all the energy-saving tips she had learnt.

When she had finished, Grandma gave a little sigh. "You have learnt a lot of very useful things, Veena," she said, "But there is one point that has been left out. And that is something that has to be practised not by the cook, but by the whole family!"

"What is it, Grandma?" asked Veena curiously. Her parents, who were in the room, were also listening keenly.

"Well, child," said Grandma, "nowadays I find

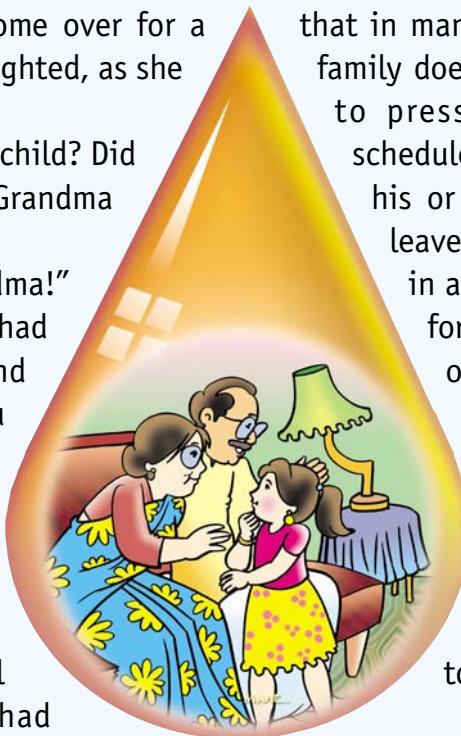
that in many homes – including yours - the family doesn't have its meals together. Due to pressures of time and individual schedules, each person just comes in at his or her own convenience, eats, and leaves. So, the food, which is cooked in advance, has to be reheated afresh for each person. This reheating is not only a waste of precious fuel, it also destroys the nutrients in the food! It can be avoided if the family members cooperate and have their meals together. An added advantage of this would be that it promotes family togetherness."

"You're right, Mother," put in Mummy. "From now on I shall try to ensure that mealtime is family time."

"And I shall also keep myself free at mealtime to eat with my family," promised Daddy.

Grandma beamed at them and held Veena close. "That's great!" she declared. "And if on certain occasions the meal gets delayed, just make sure you keep the food in a casserole or hot-case to avoid reheating."

Yet another valuable lesson for Veena and her family!



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## What are the Roaring Forties?

-Sekhar Shah, Baroda

The westerly winds between latitudes 40° and 60° South are generally called the Roaring Forties. These winds result from large planetary circulation of the atmosphere. In the Southern Hemisphere, because of its small land masses, these westerlies sweep unimpeded across the southern oceans. The description was given by sailors making their outward voyages to Australia via the Cape of Good Hope. The winds help them with speed, though they are accompanied by blistering cold. Sometimes they may turn stormy, too.

## What is the origin of the boomerang?

-P.Krishnamurthi, Tinnevelly

The boomerang was once used as both a weapon and hunting instrument by the aborigines of Australia. There are two types—returning and non-returning. The first type was used for hunting birds. It was thrown vertically, but inclined to its flat side and then curved and obediently returned to the thrower. The non-returning type is usually heavier and used for hunting large game. It can give a mighty blow even from a distance of 150m (500ft). Boomerangs are shaped like a V, with slightly skewed arms. The arms are sharpened, with one side flat and the other convex. It is this part which gives them their aerodynamic qualities. They are usually made of wood.

The word 'aspirin' is now almost synonymous with headache, cold and cough. When was it used for the first time?

- Vinita Aggarwal, Chandigarh

Aspirin is a trade name for a preparation made of acetylsalicylic acid. It was first used as a medicine in 1899/1900 by a German physician, H.Dreser.

In the last century, several preparations of this acid were introduced for medical purposes. It will be interesting to know that some of the main ingredients of aspirin are taken from flowers, fruits, leaves, and roots of some plants. The natives of South America were aware of the beneficial effects of the bark of the sweet birch tree.

## ALL THE ANSWERS

## PUZZLE DAZZLE

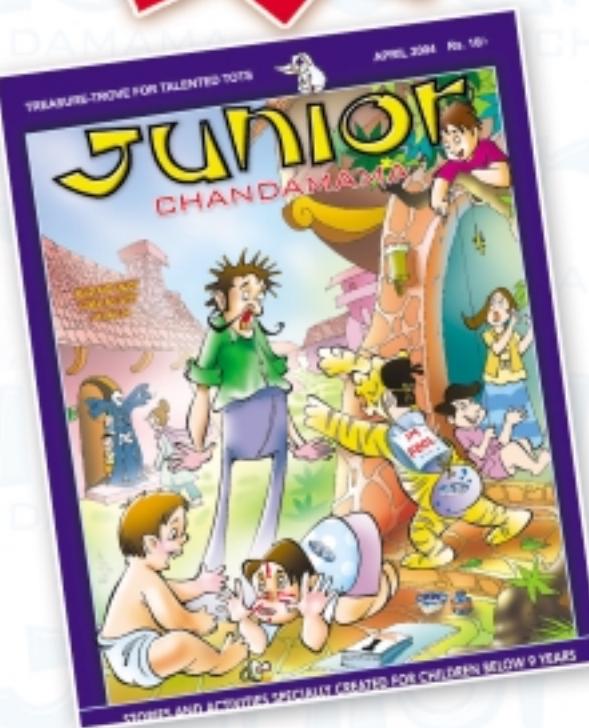
### World Famous Scientists

1. Albert Einstein 2. Madame Curie
3. Euclid 4. C.V.Raman
5. John Logi Baird 6. Isaac Newton
7. Michael Faraday 8. Enrico Fermi
9. Edward Jenner 10. Torricelli
11. Salim Ali 12. Galileo
13. Henry Ford.



2. There are 17 birds flying in the sky.
4. The eight differences in the pictures are:
  - a) Design of the dress.
  - b) Weapon in his hand.
  - c) Left leg.
  - d) Right leg.
  - e) One finger missing on right hand.
  - f) Design of the dress (bottom).
  - g) Mole on the face.

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# CHANDAMAMA

PRESENTS

## "BE A DREAM CHILD" CONTEST

The President of India, Dr. A.P.J.Abdul Kalam, in the course of his interaction with children, has been exhorting them to DREAM for the future of India and its people. Recently, at the end of his address to the nation on January 25, he administered an oath to a group of children. For the sake of our young readers, the 10-point oath is reproduced below.

1. I will pursue my education or work with dedication and I will excel in it.
2. I will teach at least 10 illiterate persons to read and write.
3. I will plant at least 10 saplings and shall ensure their growth through constant care.
4. I will visit rural and urban areas, and permanently wean away at least five persons from addiction and gambling.
5. I will constantly endeavour to remove the pain of my suffering brethren.
6. I will not support any religious, caste or language differentiation.
7. I will be honest and will endeavour to make a corruption free society.
8. I will work for becoming an enlightened citizen, and make my family righteous.
9. I will always be a friend of the mentally and physically challenged and will work hard to make them feel normal, like the rest of us.
10. I will proudly celebrate the success of my country and my people.

Chandamama invites the children of India to write one para each about what they have achieved in fulfilling the ten points by the next Independence Day. The contest is open to children between 8 and 15.

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